Lunatics and Lovers *Stanley Kauffmann*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

September 14, 1968, 40 cents

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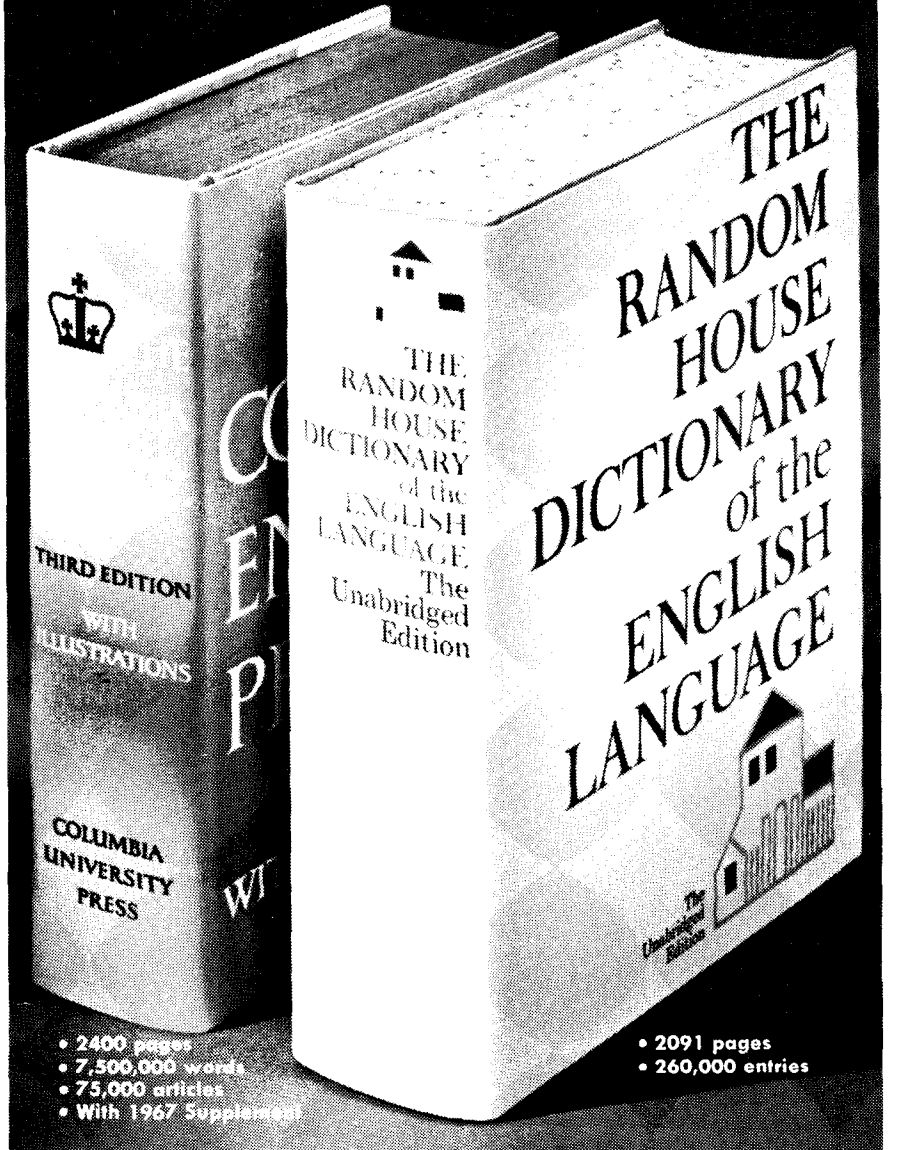
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T.R.B. from Washington

This Was Chicago

★ Looking back on it all . . .

The bugle-like voice over the amplifier tells the soldiers to throw down their guns. They are doing the work of the Nazis. Come over to our side, the voice says; the American side.

Once again I'm standing before the open window on the third floor of the Chicago Conrad Hilton where the TV cables, like black snakes, climb the wall and enter the building to the candidates' suites. Beyond the trees is limitless lake, then the park, then the rally of the sandaled ones, the bearded ones, the anti-war protesters, then a double line of helmeted national guard in battle dress; then imperial Michigan Avenue, then, below us, jittery bystanders, police in blue riot helmets and Cadillacs bringing VIP's to the splendid hotel.

Hubert Humphrey is a traitor, says the voice. All the crowd across the way raises its right fist and shouts. Richard Nixon is a traitor, the voice continues. Lyndon Johnson is a traitor. Always the same rhythmic, hypnotic response. Then a series of satirical songs, excellently done; and then again the taunting, provocative appeals to the soldiers to mutiny.

I cross the street. A well-dressed passerby suddenly loses his cool, shouts "You are dirty" and is wrestled to the ground by a powerful youngster. It is fast and furious for a minute but not a matter of fists. Six feet away the soldiers, no older than the youths in the park, look on impassively.

An attractive red-bearded fellow in sandals tells me he is a high school mathematics teacher from Kansas. The beard is shaved on the side round a fresh cut. Police club, he says. Idealism shines in his eager eyes. But why, I ask, do you say Humphrey is a *traitor?* I got pretty irritated, I say, when Nixon called the Democrats traitors in 1952.

Two girls in unconventional clothing join us in the milling crowd; underfoot, torn newspapers. Traitor, they repeat. They go into semantics. Traitor in the sense that he defies, well, the Constitution. No use arguing. We part with a laugh, liking each other. The man at the bullhorn is taunting the cops.

David Broder, top-rank reporter of *The Washington Post,* says the party is in wreckage, and implies that the real convention is in the young dissidents in the park. His paper editorially the same day, however, recalls Humphrey as a liberal legislator and engaging party leader. *NY Timesman* Tom Wicker, like Broder one of the best men in the business, writes that Humphrey lacks intellectual discipline. His paper, editorially, however, sees in the turbulent convention a successful forum that has vindicated democracy.

There are stink bombs in all the big hotels. Refused the use of Soldier Field for a mass meeting the dissidents defy orders to clear the park and not to march. There is clubbing, tear gas, almost constant violence.

For Whites Only

★ I see few Negroes in the crowd. This is a white man's war. If there had been Negroes there would have been shooting; every night at Miami Beach somebody was shot in the ghetto, nobody paid much attention. But here white youngsters are being clubbed; worse, cameramen, reporters, worse even sacred TV personnel. The super-pundits, Walter Cronkite, Huntley-Brinkley, Eric Sevareid, are justifiably outraged, almost hysterical. In the ghettos, blacks chuckle a little. Now they'll believe us about police brutality, they say.

Through the crowds, organizing them, manipulating them, move familiar figures, Tom Hayden, Rennie Davis and others; those who founded Students for a Democratic Society, who disrupted Columbia University, who planned the Convention Week demonstrations long ahead, and who will continue terroristic, anarchistic tactics through the election. The present political system must be changed, they say. They do not say changed to what.

Now look at the other side. Democrats brought their convention to Mayor Daley's Chicago because they were afraid of him. After all, he represents progress: progress that is from comic Mayor Big Bill Thompson, who promised to smack King George's snoot. . . . Chicago is a little older now.

The Chicago Tribune and Mayor Daley are one; they pretend to compete but they serve the same arch-conservative gods. Outside of the *Manchester* (NH) *Union* perhaps, the *Tribune* is the most provincial paper in the country. Mayor Daley could not exist in a city with a *St. Louis Post Dispatch.* The *Trib* imposes its *Little Orphan Annie* value judgments on the whole realm.

Daley Land

★ The convention hall is ringed with defenses. But that is not really the trouble. Every window, every hoarding, every fluttering banner in downtown Chicago welcomes delegates in the name of Mayor Daley and always his name is biggest. It is one great panegyric for the Mayor. "You are entering Daley Land," delegates read as they approach the amphitheater. He sits directly below the podium, surrounded by Illinois delegates who will vote as he tells them, and he calls the parliamentary shots to faltering chairman Carl Albert.

It is something free men cannot endure. He cannot understand. He sits there angry, stony-faced, while the antagonism in the great hall mounts. It is his police, his city, his *Chicago Tribune,* his party; what if his troops have roughed up newsmen a little?; he cannot understand it at all. He is the stupid, repressive, rigid adversary any revolutionary would die to get. His presence taunts the restless delegates as the bullhorns downtown taunt the soldiers. TV floor interviewers dash about asking nervous delegates to comment on wild rumors, keeping the whole pot seething.

(Continued on page 41)

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No Gifts for Greeks

That well-known showcase of democracy, the Greek military dictatorship, presents this country's freedom-loving Administration with a difficult problem this month: whether to grant large-size military hardware to a NATO ally whose government is suppressing liberty. Defense Secretary Clifford gave his forthright and untroubled view of the matter back in May: "The obligations imposed on us by the NATO alliance are far more important than the kind of government they have in Greece or what we think of it." Some people, however, think this rips just about all meaning out of what NATO stands for. The problem has been sharpened by Czechoslovakia. Shouldn't NATO be strengthened now the Russians have in effect reopened the cold war? Then why not strengthen the Greek government, which has never played footsie with the Soviets, was hospitable last year to American refugees from the Middle East war, and would be overjoyed to receive the Sixth Fleet any time? This is the logic behind the Defense Secretary's remark, and the military junta in Athens is naturally anxious to lend the Clifford thesis as much plausibility as will not actually interfere with its own dictatorial powers.

Do some other members of the Administration find the logic a bit hard to swallow, when they hear about Greeks who criticize the regime being imprisoned, tortured, some of them murdered? But it's not like that at all, Mr. Papadopoulos' government protests; by the end of September a referendum will have been held in Greece about a new constitution, and political prisoners will be freed in order to participate in the discussion.

The object of the exercise is to cozen this country into resuming deliveries of tanks and warplanes and other military toys – which the junta doesn't have a real use for, and certainly couldn't employ against Russia in the improbable event of a Soviet invasion. But such military aid would be a tremendous psychic boost for the regime, a vivid seal of American approval. That boost and seal should be withheld. The much-publicized referendum is a phony. The Greek press remains under censorship; nobody is allowed to campaign *against* the constitution, only in its favor; once it is approved, as of course it will be, under one of its articles the junta may delay carrying it out as long as it likes.

Regimes like the one in Greece deserve not a boost but the brush-off to persuade them in the right direction.

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Kvetch, Kvetch

On August 10, a PFC stationed at Fort Lewis, Washington aired some of his gripes in a letter (signed by 150 of his fellows) to California Congressman Ed Reinecke. The private, Carl R. Greene, a 1966 Yale graduate, had his Army National Guard squadron activated in the massive reserve call-up of last April 11. In his earlier six-month hitch Greene had been trained as a "personnel specialist" and "company clerk." But in July he was "made" the driver of an armored personnel carrier. "I had never been inside one of these vehicles much less driven one," he wrote Reinecke. "I informed my superiors of this fact and they said that I would be trained . . . sometime. So far there has been absolutely no training." Inside the armored personnel carrier, which he didn't know how to drive, are 50 calibre and M-60 machine guns which he didn't know how to shoot.

The matter was hardly academic since Greene had orders to go to Vietnam September 25, and he feared that he might have to perform in his new specialty. His lack of training, he felt, showed "disregard for human life and property." Moreover, Greene wrote, many of his friends at Fort Lewis had been given credit for training they hadn't received in weapons and riot tactics. They were given phony, falsified achievement certificates. (Greene's own M-16 rifle training lasted six hours and consisted principally in "standing around." "I cannot trust myself and my position among the men as I know almost nothing of my new job and responsibilities.")

Carl Greene says that when he got out of college he gave serious thought to emigrating or to draft resistance but that he finally decided to go into the Army and stay in the country. Now all he wanted was to have the advantage of proper training. But one month away from Vietnam he felt "to enter a combat zone in September would be suicidal."

Private Greene's complaints could easily have been passed off as routine gripes and gone ignored. Fortunately for him and the 1,000 men in the 1st Squadron, 18th Armored Cavalry, they weren't. As a result of his letter and others, the men have been detained for additional training. Tanks, personnel carriers and other equipment – already crated up for shipment to Vietnam – have been returned to Fort Lewis. And the Army is correcting training records, whose falsification, it is said, was a matter of misjudgment rather than fraud.

COMING: *Abe Fortas, the President, and the Senate — by Alexander M. Bickel*

The Lame, Halt, and Poor

As long as there was a Kennedy (in-law) heading the poverty program and before the poor took their cause to the streets, there was some vestigial interest in the Office of Economic Opportunity and what it might accomplish for (and along with) the poor. But Sargent Shriver is in France; and his "acting" successor, Bert Harding, is a lame duck, known best, after a mini-exposé in *Jet* magazine, as the president of a segregated country club. "Crime in the streets" has supplanted the "war on poverty" as a political catchphrase. And the reason is obvious: this war too has been lost, although the skirmishes continue.

Last week Bert Harding capitulated, as everyone knew he would, to the politicians who destroyed OEO's Chicago gangs project (see "South Side Story," by David Sanford, *NR*, July 6). He informed Senator Harry F. Byrd, Jr. that OEO would fund no more projects "which would produce the objectionable results of this particular grant." Either Mr. Harding has the gift of precognition or he intends to stop taking any chances at all.

The charges against the $900,000 Chicago project – that Blackstone Rangers involved in rehabilitating their own gang smoked grass, collected guns, and did bad things with the money they earned from the OEO grant – were never substantiated. But Harding's ardor for the project and other politically risky ventures cooled in the heat of the summer. In June, he denied charges against his project, admitted the whole thing was a high-risk undertaking, and was generally philosophical about "research and development projects in the social sciences." But then, on July 15, President Johnson decided not to appoint a new OEO director to sit out the last months of the Administration but rather to let Mr. Harding stay on the roost as the official Director of OEO.

As Joseph A. Loftus noted in the *Times*, Senator Byrd, to whom Harding made his "no more Chicagos" pledge, sits on the committee that "has been holding up confirmation of Mr. Harding's nomination as Director of the Office of Economic Opportunity."

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Taming the Savage Rumor

This year's political conventions were swept by more rumors – and wilder ones – than any others in my memory. Rumors are spawned by perplexing events, and God knows that 1968 was a year for perplexing events. In the following review we shall see how fantastically the truth can be tortured out of shape when the human brain is under great stress. Here are some of the rumors I heard, just as they were relayed to me, together with correctives for those who never got the straight story:

1. "George Maddox hit James Bond with an axe handle because of something Bond said about Herb Alpert."

False. Here is an example of how a simple and unimportant event could become distorted all out of proportion during the conventions. The first name of Georgia's governor is *Lester*, not George. He hit *Julian* Bond, not James. And it was for a slight to *Carl Albert*, not Herb Alpert.

2. "The Republican platform was written by an IBM computer."

False. It was a *Remington Rand* computer.

3. "Nixon promised to make Governor Rockefeller the Secretary of State."

False. Nixon promised to appoint Rockefeller as Ambassador to the United Nations. Ronald Reagan will be the Secretary of State. (Nixon was impressed by Rockefeller's statements earlier this year that there was no ideological gap between his views and Reagan's. "They ought to make a great team," he was reported to have told his foreign policy advisor, Strom Thurmond.)

4. "President Johnson wants a tough plank on Vietnam as a birthday present to himself to vindicate his policies."

False. President Johnson doesn't have a drop of personal vanity in his veins. He wanted the plank as a present to Vice-President Humphrey, whom he feared might be too shy to ask for it himself.

5. "Senator Dirksen got Nixon to agree to appoint Billy Graham as Secretary of Religion."

True. Graham's first task in the new cabinet post will be to work for a constitutional change that would permit "voluntary-compulsory" prayers in public schools. Dirksen said that such state-written prayers would be "a major victory for the forces of anti-statism."

6. "Mayor Daley is really a *capo* in the Mafia who was paid by Nixon to make the Democratic Convention look like a mob reunion in Appalachia."

False. There was nothing at all to this popular rumor. It probably grew out of the simple conjunction of two facts. First, Daley looks, acts, talks, and thinks like a Mafia *capo*; second, Daley's behavior on TV gave Nixon more votes than the Vietnam war, crime in the streets, and Lyndon Johnson.

7. "Spiro Agnew is really Ed McMahon, announcer for the Johnny Carson Show."

True. But his *real* name is Edmund Manatowski.

8. "Joe McCarthy and Herbert Hoover are just fronts for Henry Wallace."

False. It's hard to know what to make of this one. Even if we assume that the person who said it (an aging Chicago policeman) meant *Eugene* McCarthy, *J. Edgar* Hoover, and *George* Wallace, we still don't have the kind of rumor we can come to grips with. There were a disconcertingly large number of rumors of this kind.

9. "Shirley Temple is our black horse candidate."

False. First, it's "*dark* horse candidate." Second, Shirley never figured as a serious possibility. But here again, as with the rumor above, there is a puzzling element. The rumor probably began with another one of those idiotic mix-ups over names. Under her married name, Mrs. *Black*, Shirley Temple has been active in California politics. But this was said by a delegate to the *Democratic* Convention!

10. "The Republican convention hall is going to sink into the sea."

False, obviously. Jeanne Dixon predicted such a fate for the Republicans, as she has for many other heavy bodies, but she failed to remember that hot air would hold them up.

11. "Senator McCarthy plans to abolish the Presidency if he's nominated and elected."

False. Senator McCarthy intended to assume the office of President. He did tell intimates that he planned to work only one day a week, except in times of national emergency. (Pressed to cite examples of such emergencies, he said he could think only of the war in Vietnam. Asked about the invasion of Czechoslovakia, he said that it was more like firearms legislation – best left to quiet disposition by the individual states involved.)

12. "Nixon has changed a lot, again."

True. It can be reported from the highest source, for example, that Nixon no longer believes that the left-wing Dubois Clubs were so named in order to make Americans think they were the Boys Club of America.

13. "Hubert Humphrey doesn't even go to the men's room without President Johnson's permission."

True. But who's perfect?

ROBERT YOAKUM

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"Enough, Comrades!"

by Marvin Kalb

So Stalin decreed and so it was. Trotsky, a dashing but desperate antagonist, aroused the 15th Congress of the Soviet Communist Party, meeting in 1927, with the "incredible" demand that his left-wing faction be allowed to function within the framework of the party. Many delegates pounded the table with clenched fists. "Yes, yes," they shouted. It was only 10 years after the Bolshevik Revolution; these delegates still had not "properly" understood the principle of "democratic centralism." Stalin listened to the uproar with growing impatience and irritation. "Enough, comrades," he boomed. The opposition was crushed and Trotsky banished. The party was preserved.

Fifty years after the Bolshevik Revolution, some communists, including Alexander Dubcek of Czechoslovakia, still had not "properly" understood that the party was supreme, loyalty to the Soviet Union was sacred and experimenting with "freedom" was unacceptable. On August 20, 1968, the "international duty" of most ruling East European communists was clear. To meet "the threat which had arisen to the socialist system . . . from counterrevolutionary forces which have entered into collusion with foreign forces hostile to socialism," the uninvited army of the Soviet Union – buttressed for propaganda purposes by token military units from East Germany, Poland, Hungary and Bulgaria – crossed the frontiers of Czechoslovakia and in several hours occupied the small, frankfurter-shaped causeway between West Germany and the Soviet Union.

It was an action that turned back the clock of history: 1953 – Soviet tanks crush an uprising in East Germany; 1956 – Soviet troops stamp out the Hungarian Revolution; 1961 – an ugly wall divides a historic German city. Always the rationalizations were contrived, absurd. Always the rest of the world listened, watched, complained, did nothing.

It was an action that shattered the hopes of many Western scholars and diplomats who had come to believe that the Soviet Union had "mellowed" and "matured" to the point when brutish confrontation and ideological primacy had yielded to cool accommodation and common sense as the hallmarks of Muscovite policy. The attack on Czechoslovakia rekindled the spirits of hard-line opponents of East-West detente.

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It was an action that further widened the split in the world communist movement. It compelled the usually obedient French and Italian Communist Parties, the largest in Western Europe, to break with Soviet policy for the first time. Waldeck Rochet and Luigi Longo personally but vainly appealed to Moscow not to intervene. Rumania and Yugoslavia blasted the Soviet Union. Both communist governments put their forces on full alert. China joined the chorus of denunciation, of course.

It was an action that would produce disruptive changes in the Kremlin leadership. The timetable is not known, but it is expected that within several months some of the grey characters who succeeded Khrushchev will be moved into "the dustbin of history."

So cataclysmic an action, then, deserves a profoundly convoluted explanation, full of Kremlinological insights and dialectical complexity. I have a feeling the explanation is really simple. The leaders of the Kremlin – "frightened and rattled men," to quote United Nations Ambassador George Ball – feared the contagious, heady effect of a little freedom in Czechoslovakia spilling over into the rest of the Soviet bloc, especially into the Soviet Union.

"Lenin taught us," the Soviet Communist Party newspaper, *Pravda*, wrote on August 10, "to view the question of freedom in concrete historical terms. Freedom for whom, from whom? For what class? Freedom from what?" In Czechoslovakia, it was clearly freedom *from* doctrinaire communists, *for* non-communists, and *from* Soviet control. "In concrete historical terms," there, it was unacceptable, intolerable.

In the summer of 1968, the Brezhnevs, Gomulkas and Ulbrichts could be described as simple mortals coping with super-human challenges; as leaders living in small, dark rooms full of odd dreams and illusions about the big, hostile world beyond; as communists looking backward to a 19th-century ideology for the answers to 20th-century problems.

The leaders of Eastern Europe are not bold and imaginative men; they are basically technicians, bureaucrats – *apparatchiki*, and they see the complex world through a simplified Marxist prism. Their natural instinct is not to rock the boat, not to tinker with the establishment, not to question the aims of the Marxist gods nor the judgments of superiors. The

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post-Khrushchev Kremlin is a pretty dull place, saddled with a pretty dismal record. No one Soviet leader has emerged from the "collective" as a potential Stalin, or even a duplicate Khrushchev. The eleven-man Politburo conveys an impression of insecurity, indecisiveness, inadequacy.

In this grey and uncertain atmosphere, Czechoslovakia was a fundamental challenge. If there were a Stalin in the Kremlin, he could have snuffed out the challenge before it could work up a head of steam. If there were a Khrushchev, he could have coddled or crushed it. But Brezhnev and his colleagues did neither. They maneuvered so amateurishly and blundered so pathetically that they have now reaped a harvest of shame and troubles for themselves, their system, and the world.

By late 1967, it was already clear that the Novotny brand of communism was being challenged by the more flexible and moderate wing of the Czech Communist Party. Alexander Dubcek, Secretary of the Slovak branch of the party, accused Novotny, an old Moscow satrap, of economic mismanagement and open discrimination against the Slovak people.

On December 8, 1967, Brezhnev flew unexpectedly into Prague, his first major venture into a crisis that was to become his Bay of Pigs. He did not come to save Novotny; he came to cut Soviet losses. Some of the Presidium members showed him a list of potential successors to Novotny. Dubcek's name was among them. Although Dubcek was not Brezhnev's first choice, he indicated that Russia could live with him.

That formality cleared, Dubcek was selected to replace Novotny on January 5. On January 29, Dubcek journeyed to Moscow to pay his respects to the Russians. It was not his first trip to the Soviet capital. He had lived there, 20 years before, as a student. He knew Russian and the Russians. No doubt, Dubcek assured the Soviet leaders that he wanted only to update Czechoslovakia, within the existing communist framework, not to change the system or to challenge Moscow's supremacy.

Some of the Soviet leaders distrusted Dubcek from the start, but at this time most of them seemed to take him at his word. In February and March, Dubcek began the process of liberalization that was to lead to armed intervention in his country. He dismissed old-line Stalinists, and he flashed a light into the dark corners of recent Czech history. On March 22, more than 30,000 victims of Stalinism were released from prisons and "readmitted to society." Often the Soviet Union was linked with old injustices.

On March 23, Dubcek was suddenly summoned to Dresden for "a comradely talk" about liberalization. Ulbricht, Gomulka, Kadar and Zhivkov joined Brezhnev in quizzing Dubcek. The hard-liners in the bloc sought some tangible assurance from Dubcek that he was not scheming to sneak Czechoslovakia out of the Warsaw Pact. Dubcek could offer only verbal assurances. As a way out of the impasse, Brezhnev proposed that Dubcek allow Warsaw Pact forces to hold maneuvers in Czechoslovakia in June. Dubcek avoided giving a direct answer.

But, when he returned to Prague, he tried to ease Soviet concerns by appointing General Ludvig Svoboda to replace Novotny as President. The liberals wanted Cestmir Cisar, a 48-year-old intellectual, but Dubcek thought Svoboda would be more acceptable to the increasingly nervous Russians.

On May 4, Dubcek again visited Moscow. We "spoke openly, as equals," he later explained. He asked Brezhnev and Kosygin for a loan of $400 million in hard currency to help revitalize his stagnating economy. He did not get it.

The atmosphere became murky. Czech newspapers began to snipe at Soviet interference. One paper even alleged Soviet involvement in the death of Jan Masaryk. The Soviet news agency Tass termed the report "dirty imperialist propaganda." A sharp polemical exchange began, just as reports reached Washington of Soviet troop movements in southern Poland, near the Czech border. For the first time, in mid-May, the threat of intervention loomed on the East European horizon as a distinct possibility. Washington kept its fingers crossed. Not wanting to offend the Russians, who were supposed to help the *US* get out of Vietnam, officials said little and did nothing.

In fact, the threat proved to be premature. On May 24, again hoping to ease Soviet fears, the Czechs agreed to allow Soviet troops to hold maneuvers in their country. The Czech liberals angrily charged that Dubcek had caved in to Soviet pressure; that Svoboda had cleared the way for the Soviet troops. The charges were heatedly denied, but many Czechs were not convinced. Premier Kosygin, always assumed to have been a moderate in the crisis, had come to Czechoslovakia seven days earlier for a "health cure." It was presumed that he had leaned on Dubcek to agree to the Warsaw Pact maneuvers as one way of mollifying the Kremlin hawks. The presence of Soviet Defense Minister Grechko in Prague must have helped.

A few days after the Soviet premier went home, workers at the large Skoda factory outside of Prague threatened to strike if the democratization of the country was stopped by Soviet troops. Dubcek sympathized with the workers, and they with him. Dubcek became a symbol of national resistance. Wherever he went in Czechoslovakia, the shy Slovak was hailed as a national hero second only to Thomas Masaryk.

Then, through the month of June and on into July,

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there was a fantastic parade of events which not only transformed Czechoslovakia into a relatively open society, but, just as significant in this unfolding drama, crystallized the determination of hard-liners in Eastern Europe to topple Dubcek from power before his example toppled them. On June 1, Dubcek expelled Novotny from the Communist Party. He lifted all travel restrictions on Czech citizens and foreigners wishing to travel to Czechoslovakia. In effect, this opened the Czech-West German border, providing East Germans, who always had the right to cross over into Czechoslovakia, an easy route of escape into West Germany. Ulbricht fumed to the Russians that Dubcek was undoing the work of the Berlin Wall. Noncommunist political clubs began appearing in Prague and Bratislava. Their main feature was free speech, its main ingredient criticism of communism and the Soviet Union. Finally, most sensational in a communist society, Dubcek formally lifted all censorship of the press. To a conservative communist, that was madness. Czechoslovakia seemed to be rushing out of the communist orbit.

The frightened five – Russia, Poland, East Germany, Hungary and Bulgaria – were united in one tight conviction: Czechoslovakia had to be stopped. But how? The unavoidable answer was intervention. Such a course of action had obvious risks, but inaction seemed a greater risk. First, Soviet troops were not withdrawn from Czechoslovakia when the Warsaw Pact maneuvers ended on June 30; on the contrary, following carefully laid out contingency plans, they surrounded key installations in many parts of the country. Second, large-scale maneuvers opened in different parts of Eastern Europe. Third, a savage propaganda attack was launched against Dubcek's leadership, though not yet against Dubcek himself. Finally, the Russians called another East European summit meeting in mid-July – apparently a last-ditch political and diplomatic effort to change Dubcek's mind about liberalization. Dubcek was summoned to Warsaw but refused to go. Instead he proposed that he meet separately with the bloc members.

"On second thought . . ."

The "five" were furious. On July 16, after a two-day meeting, they sent an angry joint letter to Dubcek, demanding that he reverse the liberalization process in Czechoslovakia. The letter already has a place in communist history. Dubbed the Warsaw letter, it was virtually an ultimatum to Dubcek to change or run the risk of intervention. Soviet and Warsaw Pact troops were ready to move. All that was lacking in mid-July was the political decision and therefore the political will to intervene.

Why? After all that had happened, why?

Ever since Brezhnev's celebrated December visit to Prague, the Politburo repeatedly flipflopped on its policy towards Czechoslovakia. There were sharp debates, usually ending inconclusively. There were shifting majorities – first, reflecting an attitude of grudging tolerance; then, an attitude of fierce irreconcilability. Apparently few in the Politburo held to a clear and consistent position. The Kremlin hawks probably were Alexander N. Shelepin, a tough comer whose wings had recently been clipped by Brezhnev and who needed an issue on which to stage a comeback; Pyotr Y. Shelest, Party chief of the restive Ukraine, which borders on Czechoslovakia; and Andrei P. Kirilenko, another Ukrainian fearful of the Czech contagion. The Kremlin doves seem to have been Premier Kosygin, President Nikolai V. Podgorny, and, surprisingly, Mikhail A. Suslov, a traditional conservative who opposed intervention basically because he feared it would upset his long-planned summit meeting of world communist parties in November. Party chief Brezhnev appears to have been a sort of swing man, constantly changing his position but essentially hoping to avoid military action if at all possible. He too had labored long and hard on the communist summit meeting – aimed in part at condemning Communist China. Having shared responsibility in 1956 for Hungary, he did

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not wish to assume responsibility in 1968 for Czechoslovakia.

In the absence of a dominant personality or even a dominant viewpoint, the Politburo shifted ground more than once in the months leading up to the Warsaw letter. In general, the doves tended to give Dubcek the benefit of the doubt, while the hawks or skeptics came to believe that Dubcek was a kind of communist charlatan leading the "five" down an uncharted and dangerous path. By mid-July, the hawks were clearly in the ascendancy. But, encouraged by Kosygin and the other doves, Brezhnev appealed for one more chance to avoid bloodshed by proposing that the Politburos of both Communist Parties meet somewhere in an eleventh-hour effort to bridge their deep differences. Only reluctantly did the hawks agree.

On July 17, Brezhnev invited Dubcek to such a meeting in Lvov or Kiev. Dubcek agreed to the meeting but insisted it take place in Czechoslovakia. Times were too perilous, he argued, to leave the country. Proposals that sounded like ultimatums flew back and forth. Finally, in an extraordinary about-face, Brezhnev agreed to come to Czechoslovakia. The decision was as vital as it was incredible. Never before had the entire Poliburo journeyed to a foreign country at the same time. Besides, for Brezhnev, it was a little like life insurance. By insisting that all of his colleagues join him, he was protecting his political flanks against subsequent attacks. In addition, Brezhnev figured the entire Politburo could stare down the Czechs and force them to reverse policy. The Russians miscalculated – not for the first time in the crisis.

From July 29 until August 1, the top leaders of the Soviet Union and Czechoslovakia met in the small Slovak border village of Cierna on the Tisa River. It was supposed to be a one-day meeting. It stretched into the second day. On the third day, Brezhnev took ill – or so it was said. On the fourth day, a brief communiqué was released containing but one agreement – that East Germany, Hungary, Poland and Bulgaria join them a few days later in Bratislava. The expanded group met on August 3, producing a long communiqué with such an underbrush of ambiguity that the Czechs and the Russians could both read it as a victory.

Brezhnev sealed *his* victory by bearhugging Dubcek and raising his hand aloft, like a flag of surrender. Brezhnev posed in this way for the world's cameramen. The pictures were later to be used as photographic proof that the Cierna and Bratislava meetings had successfully recaptured Dubcek into the Marxist fold and thus obviated the need for armed intervention in Czechoslovakia. There is no reason to believe the hawks were happy or in any way persuaded that Dubcek had changed. They apparently agreed to go along with Brezhnev, Kosygin, Podgorny and Suslov only because they did not have the votes or the influence to buck so impressive a group of veteran Politburo members. They would bide their time and wait for their day.

Nevertheless, the Kremlin had again radically changed tactics. Only two weeks before, the Politburo was demanding a stunning reversal of Prague policy and preparing an armed intervention. Now it was picture-taking time. The Politburo issued a special communiqué praising the Cierna and Bratislava communiqués. The Russians finally withdrew all of their military units from Czechoslovakia and called off all press polemics against Dubcek and Co.

Dubcek did not claim victory at Bratislava, though he treasured the moment. He decided to play it cool, obviously believing that he had persuaded the skeptical hawks that he could control the liberalization process and remain loyal to the Soviet bloc. He tried to temper the boldness of the Prague press and to move very slowly on developing trade relations with West European countries.

Apparently the Kremlin doves were satisfied that Dubcek would play the "game" roughly according to their rules; and, on about August 7, most of them began to leave Moscow for a long-delayed vacation on the Black Sea, or in government dachas surrounded by soothing white birch trees along the Moscow River. Brezhnev, Kosygin and Podgorny were among them. Two Politburo members – Kiril T. Mazurov, a hawkish Byelorussian who took part in the Cierna meeting, and Kirilenko, the Ukrainian hard-liner who was one of the two Politburo members who did not – were left in charge of the Kremlin.

Developments then began to move with astonishing speed. While the doves fluttered off to their dachas, President Tito of Yugoslavia arrived in Prague and received a sensational welcome. "Tito-Dubcek" became a chant, then a roar, which echoed from one end of the country to the other. It was heard in Moscow, too. Tito was a household symbol of successful defiance of the Russians. The Czechs wanted to believe that Dubcek was, too.

On August 12, Ulbricht, the East German communist leader, arrived in Karlovy Vary, the venerable Czech spa, for a talk with Dubcek. From all reports, it was a cool encounter. Dubcek yielded nothing; nor did Ulbricht. The East German dictator returned to East Berlin on August 13 and presumably telephoned an alarmist report to the Kremlin about Dubcek's continuing "heresies."

On August 15, President Nicolae Ceausescu of Rumania visited Prague and, while praising Dubcek's

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liberalization program, cautioned him to move slowly. There were private dispatches from Moscow suggesting that the hard-liners were taking advantage of Brezhnev's and Kosygin's absence to lobby for support among Central Committee members in favor of a policy of intervention.

It is assumed in Washington that Shelepin joined Kirilenko and perhaps Mazurov in this effort. While they recognized that Dubcek was trying to reign in his exuberantly free press and to crack down on quasi-political non-communist clubs, they apparently felt he was incapable of living up to their interpretation of the Bratislava communiqué. No doubt, too, they used Ulbricht's negative report to further their cause, though there is no evidence that the report alone precipitated the intervention, as some US government experts believe.

They spread doubts and sowed fears about the value of the Cierna and Bratislava communiqués and about the loyalty of the Dubcek regime. Among many members of the Central Committee, afraid as much for their own futures as for the fate of the communist system, the conviction apparently grew that decisive military action against Czechoslovakia was the only way of stopping the rot. As one East German reportedly explained: "The Czech party was like a rotten fish that begins stinking at the head." He did not have to add that Dubcek was the "head." Besides, all of the plotters knew that tactically the intervention, if there was to be one, had to take place well before September 9, when the Czechs were scheduled to ratify their liberalization at an extraordinary Congress of the party.

Given the harsh nature of the Soviet political system, the hard-liners on Czechoslovakia must have known that their doubts about Cierna and Bratislava were implicitly doubts about Brezhnev's policy and wisdom. But Shelepin and other tough, young communists, raised in the Komsomol and schooled in the police apparatus, had suffered a steady series of setbacks in the past year and a half under Brezhnev's leadership. If they could use his erratic handling of the Czech crisis as a means of humiliating him and eventually unseating him, then they were prepared for such action.

Some Kremlinologists do not accept the "plot" hypothesis. They believe the decision to intervene was taken "collectively." As one expert put it: "In 40 years of studying Kremlin behavior, I know of no one, but absolutely no one, who is sure of anything." However, pursuing the "plot" hypothesis, by August 16 it seemed as though Brezhnev and Kosygin had been outfoxed by a coalition of disgruntled hard-liners, who were feeding on the natural anxieties of military leaders responsible for the security of Russia's traditional buffer system in Eastern Europe. The balance of power within the Kremlin had again dramatically shifted, or so it seemed, as it had so many times in the past nine months. The quiet and persistent lobbying by the hawks had worked.

The signal was a long and sharp *Pravda* attack against the Czech liberals. "Some Prague publications," Yuri Zhukov wrote, "acting contrary to the spirit of the Bratislava communiqué, are appearing these days with fierce and slanderous attacks on fraternal parties. . . ."

The Soviet press attacks intensified in fury and bitterness over the next three days. The "counter-revolution" in Czechoslovakia, *Pravda* concluded ominously on August 19, "had to be nipped in the bud." There are reliable reports that some of the outwitted doves began to rush back to Moscow over the climactic weekend of August 17-18 – just in time for, or summoned to Moscow specifically to attend, a series of urgent Politburo and Central Committee meetings, at which the decision to intervene was made. One report says a rump session of the Politburo consisting of only seven of its eleven members was held on August 17. It is believed but not known that Brezhnev hastily returned from his Black Sea resort to attend this session. Sometime over that weekend, Brezhnev is believed to have given his reluctant consent to the decision after reportedly learning that Suslov and other presumed doves at Cierna had already switched sides. Kosygin must have been painfully embarrassed, because, according to one diplomatic report, he had agreed only the day before to meet President Johnson at another summit session for talks on limiting missile deployments in both countries.

At no time in the decision-making process did the hawks or the doves ever have to consider the possibility of counteraction by the United States. So obsessed was the Johnson Administration with the dream of summitry – if at all possible, in Moscow, where Ike never made it – that Washington officials chose to ignore the possible benefits of diplomatic ambiguity about the US attitude in the period before the intervention; instead, they made it crystal clear that the US would or could do nothing to help Czechoslovakia. The rationalizations were obvious and probably well-intentioned. Any overt action – such as unfreezing Czech gold seized during the Second World War, or trying to add Prague to the list of East European countries accorded most-favored-nation trade treatment – would hurt not help the Czechs. Besides, it was argued, the US is bogged down in a war in Vietnam and a presidential campaign at home, and it simply does not have the heart or the will to take on another foreign crisis. Finally, as Winston Churchill

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once said at Fulton, Missouri, Prague is in the Soviet "sphere of influence"; Moscow oppresses people on its side of the iron curtain, but there is nothing the West can do. Later, of course, after French President de Gaulle had twitted the State Department about playing "spheres" with Moscow, the Administration issued an embarrassed denial that the thought of "spheres" had ever passed through its mind.

State Department experts believe the Soviet intervention resulted from an obviously hasty decision. When the Russians arrived in Prague, they did not find quislings waiting to replace Dubcek, as they might have expected. The Czechs rallied around their beleaguered leadership and forced the Russians to negotiate an unhappy and still uncertain compromise with it, in Moscow.

The negotiation took five days. When it was over, the Russians sent Dubcek back to Prague. A few days earlier, they had labeled him a "traitor." Their hope was that he would discredit himself by having to reimpose Stalinist controls over the Czech people as the price for an eventual withdrawal of Soviet troops from Czechoslovakia. "The monkey is on Dubcek's back," a high US official said.

The Czech leader has already put back censorship on the Czech press and sanctioned, however reluctantly, the witch-hunting of Czech progressives. The luster that once surrounded his name may tarnish as the Czechs squirm under the new restraints. It may then be possible for the Russians to remove him and to install a government unquestioningly loyal to Moscow.

For everyone, it has been a painful process of readjustment to cold war ideas. The President's cherished dream of another summit meeting with Premier Kosygin has been put on ice. The entire cultural exchange program with the Soviet Union is jeopardized, as specific projects are dropped in the next few weeks and months. When Soviet troops began to maneuver around Rumania's border, and everyone feared "another Czechoslovakia," the President was forced to warn Russia about "unleashing the dogs of war," a very Chinese-sounding warning.

It has become clear that the timetable for East-West dealings on disarmament has been upset, and fresh efforts at detente, or at ending the war in Vietnam, have been profoundly complicated. NATO is beginning to wonder if its defenses are adequate to meet the apparent buildup of Soviet troop strength in Eastern Europe.

It would be comforting to praise those Czechs who stood up to Soviet tanks. For a brief "spring of freedom," the Czechs stood tall. Perhaps, in the long run, they will stand tall again. But for now, the Russians have clearly reimposed "law and order."

Crisis Coming in Brazil

by Howard J. Wiarda

Rio de Janeiro

With their attention on domestic violence, the election campaign and foreign hot spots like Czechoslovakia and the Middle East as well as Vietnam, Americans overlook the crisis building up in Latin America's largest, most important nation. Events in Brazil are spiraling toward a showdown.

The US role in the 1964 coup that ousted left-leaning President Joao Goulart is still criticized by Brazilians. But Brazil is not a banana republic. On the Brazilian stage, the US is an actor, with starring moments but not dominating the play. The present crisis is predominantly a Brazilian one.

Former US Ambassador Lincoln Gordon was euphoric about the toppling of Goulart and the subsequent military government of Humberto Castelo Branco. The US recognized the new government immediately after the overthrow, and offered congratulations to the military even before the outcome of the coup was certain. The US is still suffering from its close identification with what soon became and remains a highly unpopular military dictatorship. For his performance in Brazil, nevertheless, Gordon was promoted to Undersecretary of State for Latin American Affairs, leaving a legacy that the present US country team is still trying to overcome.

Under the current ambassador, John Tuthill, the US presence has been far more discreet. In part, this is due to the contrasting styles of the two ambassadors. (Tuthill runs a more "open" embassy, has actually tried to reduce US personnel); in part to the personalities of the two presidents with whom the embassy has had to deal. Castelo Branco was convinced that the best interests of Brazil would be served by close identification with the US. President Artur Costa e Silva is torn between Brazil's traditional foreign policy of association with the US and Western Europe (including Portugal), and a more independent stance and leadership among third-world nations. Brazil refused to sign the nuclear non-proliferation treaty.

But the government remains extremely unpopular, rests on an increasingly narrow military base and is almost totally unresponsive to the needs of the Brazilian people. Costa e Silva has continued to follow

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his predecessor's austere, rigid, authoritarian program; once, the government decreed salary raises of 20 percent, but the same day issued another decree permitting food price and rent increases of 30 percent. There is strict censorship and a complex web of security.

The armed forces are convinced they have a monopoly on honesty, patriotism, and the national interest. They are preoccupied with the "communist threat," though there is almost no chance of an extreme leftist takeover. Students, labor leaders, clerics, political foes of all sorts have been arrested, beaten, or otherwise ill-treated, mostly by the "Department of Public Order and Security" (DOPS), the dread secret police. Even politicians close to the government are afraid of DOPS, control of whose activities by President Costa is at best nominal. However, right-wing terrorist groups, such as the "Anti-Communist Movement" (MAC), function without fear of police crackdowns and probably with police connivance.

The Brazilian Catholic Church, currently the most activist church on the side of reform and social justice anywhere in Latin America, has taken the lead in demanding changes. Conservative Catholics, represented by the Society for the Defense of Tradition, Family, and Property, addressed a petition to the Pope (among the signatories was President Costa's wife) protesting the "communist activities" of the clergy, but the liberals have vowed to continue their fight.

Students have taken to the streets. The government tends to dismiss lightly the students' demands, resting serenely in the thought that student protests are worldwide, not just characteristic of Brazil, and that they will end when schools resume. This is wishful thinking. Students protest the lowering of the share of the national budget devoted to education, from 11 to 7 percent – the military budget has correspondingly increased – and the miserable conditions in the universities. The government has not recognized that if Brazil is to develop, a literate, skilled, and educated popular base is mandatory. It is particularly embarrassing to the government that the student protests are led by the offspring of its own officials: Vladimir Palmeira, the son of a wealthy state senator, and Jarbas Passarinho Jr., son of the minister of labor, who keeps insisting to the press, "I am not against my father, only against the labor minister." The students have demanded an end to military rule; they will not easily be silenced.

The Brazilian working class, traditionally docile and non-ideological, is becoming more political because of the economic squeeze. Class and ideological lines have tightened, the nation has become increasingly polarized between the few but powerful supporters of the regime and its many but so far powerless opponents. Recently in Sao Paulo, the workers seized a number of industrial concerns.

Costa now also faces a possible military revolt, from two directions. "Hard line" officers are pushing the president to clamp down on the students and other rebels; but a reform-oriented group within the officer corps has begun to call publicly for the armed forces to make clear that it is on the side of the people. This group wants the military to return to its traditional role as guardian of the constitution.

A coup in Brazil most likely would mean only a change of personnel not of regime. What there was of political infrastructure in Brazil – parties, labor organizations, other groups – was largely destroyed by the 1964 military takeover, and today there exists little in the way of organized nucleus that might govern instead of the military. Furthermore, the dominant group within the armed forces remains committed to the kind of regime that Castelo Branco and Costa have provided. The military may decide to replace the president with another general, but the basic style of rule would likely remain the same. If the crucial economic indicators do not show signs of rapid national growth – and high growth figures are unlikely – the pressures for change may become irresistible. Major business groups have begun to oppose the government's economic policies.

On the positive side, the Castelo and Costa governments have curtailed corruption, put an end – at least temporarily – to chaotic, politically-motivated strikes, removed many sycophants from the government's payrolls, eliminated demagogues and communists from positions of power, begun a program of agricultural price supports, collected income taxes on a more rational basis, and built up the country's foreign credit. But in the arena of social and political development, the 1964 "revolution" has been a dismal failure.

There is little prospect that Brazil will soon return to a more democratic system. Public sentiment in favor of a return to civilian rule in the scheduled 1970 elections is nearly unanimous, but the military's response is a simple *"Quem?"* – "Who?" Former President Goulart remains in exile in Uruguay; there is almost no chance of a comeback. Another former president, Janio Quadros, a meteoric, unpredictable figure who resigned in 1961 after only seven months in office, has just been placed under house arrest and sent to a small town near the Bolivian border. Juscelino Kubitschek, the builder of the city of Brasilia, a master politician and the most popular political figure in the country, has also lost his political rights. (But Kubitschek may sneak in through the rear door by running his wife for the governorship of Minas Gerais.) At 66, however, he may be too old to try again for the presidency. Carlos Lacerda, an opportunist of doubt-

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ful leadership caliber, remains politically alive, but he is distrusted by all. By breaking up or intervening in labor unions, student groups and professional and business associations, by dissolving the old parties and by persecuting the young and able, the military has answered its own question – there is currently no one, of either the older or younger generation, with the political skills, background and popularity who might again guide Brazil in a more democratic direction. From the armed forces point of view, this lack dictates the need to continue the present heavy-handed military rule.

With all their immense problems, the Brazilians have not lost their capacity to laugh at themselves. Violence is on the rise; but the Brazilians are still able to make jokes about their nation's inadequacies and to go on about their business regardless. Despite the chaos and oppression, there is a great deal of movement, construction, ambition, and sheer hard work; the old adage that "Brazil develops at night while the government sleeps" is as true now as ever. Brazilians are still optimistic about their nation's future, convinced that one day Brazil will be a major force internationally. "God must be a Brazilian," they say, to explain why their country has not fallen apart. Yet many Brazilians have concluded that only a fundamental restructuring of the social order can solve Brazil's huge problems.

Bitter News about Sweeteners

by W. David Gardner

Americans are using more and more of the non-nutritive sweeteners called cyclamates; two million pounds in 1957, perhaps 17 million pounds this year, and their growth is projected to continue at similarly rapid rates. Cyclamates are popular with dentists and their patients because they cut the incidence of cavities; they are popular with food processors who can save substantially by substituting cyclamates for sugar in their products; and they are popular with the public because of their low calorie content.

However, there is new evidence that cyclamate sweeteners – used primarily in diet sodas, drinks and desserts – may constitute a serious health hazard for some persons. That, at any rate, is the conclusion that can be drawn from a $46,000 study of cyclamates by the Institute of Experimental Pathology and Toxicology at Albany Medical College. Although the study has not been made public, its main thrust has been presented and discussed at various closed scientific meetings. The study was commissioned by the Food and Drug Administration, but it has a bipartisan tone to it since the two special interest groups most concerned with the production of cyclamates gave financial support to the study. Funds were contributed by Abbott Laboratories, and E. R. Squibb, drug companies which produce cyclamates, and by the Sugar Research Foundation, which represents sugar industry interests. Cyclamates cut into the sales of sugar.

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The bulk of cyclamates are produced by Abbott, Squibb, Monsanto Chemical Co., Norse Chemical Co. and the Pillsbury Co. The biggest market for them is in the bottled soft drinks like Tab, Fresca, Diet-Rite Cola and Diet-Pepsi. They are also popular in presweetened powdered drinks like presweetened Kool-Aid and Funny Face. To a lesser extent, cyclamates are being used in diet desserts, ice cream and jellies.

The Albany group, in a three-month study of 32 prisoners at Clinton Prison at Dannemora, found that some prisoners taking cyclamates experienced a change in the character of their blood. According to Dr. J. Henry Wills, the professor of pharmacology at Albany Medical College who directed the Dannemora study, the change – specifically, an increase in the level of protein-bound iodine – was one that could have misled physicians into thinking the prisoners were suffering from hyperthyroid condition (a high level of protein-bound iodine in a patient is one of the classic indications that the patient has a hyperthyroid condition). However, none of the prisoners with the high levels of protein-bound iodine had any other signs or symptoms to indicate they were suffering from hyperactive thyroid glands, and the scientists are satisfied that cyclamates do not cause or aggravate hyperthyroid conditions.

There is, though, another danger here: A physician orders, say, a series of blood tests on one of his patients. When the clinical laboratory test returns, it shows that the patient has a high level of protein-bound iodine – a signal that the patient has a hyper-

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active thyroid condition. Treatment for a hyperthyroid condition is begun. Sometimes the ailment is surgically treated. The problem is that the patient may not have a hyperthyroid condition. Dr. Wills believes that many physicians are treating patients with high levels of protein-bound iodine for hyperthyroid conditions when in reality they are simply taking too many cyclamates. Unfortunately, physicians and pathologists are not aware of this possibility, since the Albany study has been bottled up.

The Albany group is also disturbed, less because they have found an increase in the level of protein-bound iodine in prisoners taking cyclamates, but because they don't understand the mechanism of the production of the substance. The scientists are continuing their studies in humans and animals in an effort to learn more about the phenomenon.

In addition, nine of the 24 prisoners taking cyclamates (the eight prisoners in the control group were given placebos) developed "severe, persistent diarrhea" from the cyclamates. There seemed to be a direct correlation between the dosage and the result: The higher the dosage of cyclamate, the more severe the diarrhea.

The Albany group also found that 17 of 24 prisoners taking cyclamates converted the cyclamates into cyclohexylamine, a substance that raises blood pressure and causes vascular constriction in some people. If the cyclohexylamine is being produced in the blood or gets into the vascular system, the cyclamates obviously represent a potential danger to some cardiac patients, particularly those with high blood pressure who are trying to keep their weight down by taking cyclamates. At this point, the Albany investigators are unable to say where the cyclohexylamine is produced in the body. Dr. Wills says it is possible that it is produced in the blood or gets into the vascular system, although he found no evidence of this in the Dannemora study. Once again, the Albany group is interested in learning something about the fundamental mechanism of the conversion of the cyclamates into cyclohexylamine. And once again, because the results of the study have not been publicized, few physicians are aware of the potential danger of prescribing cyclamates to their heart patients who are trying to keep their weight down.

The findings that cyclamates can produce cyclohexylamine and can raise the level of protein-bound iodine are disturbing in themselves, and they raise a disturbing question: Why weren't these findings known when cyclamates were first approved for public consumption in 1955? In the light of the Albany study, it is now apparent that the initial cyclamate testing was incomplete or slipshod or both. Millions of pounds of cyclamates have been consumed since then. This is not to say that the drug firms or the scientific investigators involved in the development and testing of cyclamates did not comply with Food and Drug Administration standards; they did. But the situation illustrates the inadequacies of some drug-testing standards. (Standards have been tightened up as a result of the Kefauver-Harris Drug Amendments to the Federal Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act, and the amendments have prompted the FDA to begin to review older agents previously approved between 1938 and 1962.)

The history of the approval of cyclamates is interesting. The 1955 Food and Nutrition Board of the National Academy of Sciences report on nonnutritive sweeteners concluded there was no evidence that the use of cyclamates "for special dietary purposes is hazardous . . . ingestion of more than five grams a day of the cyclamates is capable in some adults of inducing the formation of soft stools, but this did not appear to be of physiologic importance."

In 1964, the Sugar Foundation commissioned a study that concluded that cyclamates can stunt the growth of rats. At about the same time, studies conducted by Japanese and English scientists claimed that cyclamates were responsible for harmful effects in animals. Nevertheless, in May of 1965, the FDA – after a review of the new accumulation of evidence on cyclamates – announced "there is no evidence that cyclamates, at present use levels, are a hazard to health." That finding still stands. Cyclamates are *now* being reevaluated for the FDA by a committee of the Food and Nutrition Board of the National Academy of Sciences, but the report is not expected to be completed for several months.

Most cyclamates end up in the stomachs of Americans because advertising campaigns stress their low caloric content. The public equates a large amount of calories with obesity; a small amount of calories with a reducing diet. In their advertising, the food processors have been careful enough – and clever enough – to stress the low caloric content of their "diet" products, but not to say that their products will help anyone lose weight. There is no evidence that cyclamates – or any other nonnutritive sweetener, for that matter – have ever helped anyone reduce. Anyone who cuts his calorie intake with nourishment sweetened with cyclamates is likely to make up for the calorie deficiency unconsciously with other foods.

There is some speculation that the FDA will eventually relabel cyclamates to conform to new drug efficacy findings. Meantime, cyclamates will continue to be used by some for whom they are potentially dangerous, and by diet-conscious Americans who think cyclamate-sweetened products help them to lose weight.

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Uninsurables in the Ghetto

by Gilbert B. Friedman

A Newark, New Jersey, butcher asked about insurance stated, "No, sir. Nobody wants to insure us. No insurance – everyone I see. I [would] give my right hand [for it]." A Detroit homeowner said, "I was paying $85 previously for three years' coverage, and now they told me [it would cost] the same amount for one year." An Omaha, Nebraska, shoe-repair store operator, when asked if he had insurance on his merchandise, responded, "No sir, not a penny. . . . Ten days after the riot, automatically all insurance was dropped out."

These are three incidents of hundreds cited in the January, 1968, report, "Meeting the Insurance Crises of Our Cities, A Report by the President's National Advisory Panel on Insurance in Riots-Affected Areas."

Probably the least kept secret in the insurance business is that most companies black out whole sections of large cities, drawing red lines around these areas on city maps. Within this encirclement companies will insure nothing, no matter how well protected the property may be. If this area is a slum (it usually is), this virtually assures that it will stay a slum, since there will be little incentive to open new businesses, construct new housing, or improve property where a mishap can wipe out the owner's entire unprotected investment. Furthermore, "redlining" contaminates nearby areas. As a Boston insurance broker told the Riot Commission: ". . . The thing about a redline area, it is not limited. The property outside the redline but bordering the redline becomes affected, so that it spreads out in a much wider area." This means that not only will the slum itself not improve, but that it will expand.

Some companies are quite open about their redlining policies. Others hide behind criteria that amount to the same thing. For example, in San Francisco GEICO insurance company will sell a homeowner's policy to anyone living in 11 of San Francisco's 35 postal zones provided that the building is less than 30 years old and contains four or less units. There are few of these. But in the other 24 zones, which include the downtown area; the two main black ghettos, Fillmore and Hunter's Point; the Mission District, where most of San Francisco's Mexican-Americans reside; and Chinatown, no homeowner's insurance will be sold – period. And GEICO is no different from most other companies.

At times, when confronted by an insurance seeker from a redlined district, the insurance salesman, perhaps to save face, will write a policy, but shortly thereafter the insured will receive a letter cancelling the insurance with the return of his premium and the statement that the company can't underwrite him as a risk. For example, the owner of an art gallery in Detroit told the Riot Commission: "We contacted Mr. — and he said he would insure us if we got a burglar alarm, which we agreed to do, and if we made sure that our gates were locked, which we agreed to do also. He did in fact give us the insurance. . . . Three or four weeks [later] . . . we received a notice with our check . . . from the insurance company [saying] that we were not insurable."

The situation is the same all over the country.

The President's Riot Commission conducted a survey in six cities and found that 14.4 percent of ghetto businesses that were uninsured had had their insurance policies cancelled. Mr. Herbert S. Denenberg, a Wharton Business School Professor who was the Research Director for the Riot Commission, says "that figure must be considerably higher today." Many cities have reported huge increases in the number of cancellations in the last year, particularly since Dr. King's death. In Washington, D. C., there were 500 to 600 cancellations between April and mid-June. The President's National Advisory Panel on Insurance said in January of 1968 that present conditions were "intolerable. . . . For a number of years, many urban residents and businessmen have been unable to purchase insurance protection they needed."

To those who claim that the whole problem stems from the recent riots and their aftermath, the Commission Report states flatly, "It is clear that adequate insurance was unavailable in the urban area even before the riots."

These insurance blackouts received deserved publicity when the Royal Globe Insurance Company announced on July 5 that they were cancelling fire and casualty policies in cities throughout the country, many with less than a 10-day notice. Other policies might be cancelled unless certain conditions were met.

According to the firm's London-based parent company, the Royal Insurance Group, they are getting out of this field of insurance because Royal Globe is losing

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too much money, claims of more than $2.4 million from riots in the United States. H. Clay Johnson, President of Royal Globe, said that the company had "almost twice our share of urban liabilities." He claimed they wrote approximately three percent of the property insurance nationwide, but had about five percent of the nation's riot losses.

New York, Kentucky, and Michigan thereupon announced they meant to hold investigations of Royal Globe's action. Missouri's State Insurance Commissioner, R. D. Scharg, characterized a possible cancellation of $52.4 million coverage of public housing as "deplorable," but "there is nothing we can do about it." New Jersey's Insurance and Banking Commissioner, Charles R. Howell, one of the nation's best, said that all cancellations in New Jersey have been barred since July 3, when Governor Richard J. Hughes signed an emergency cancellation bill. But Royal Globe is certainly not the pace-setter here. Other companies started years ago, and the trend is growing strong. If a property owner is not notified that he won't be renewed, he is notified instead of a huge increase in the premium. Either way he has had it.

The Riot Commission in attempting to estimate the rise in property premiums found that in 1966 burglary and theft premiums were 39 percent higher than 1959. This compared with *only* a 22 percent increase in the much more publicized medical costs and a 31.9 percent increase for auto property damage liability insurance. All insurance premiums had risen substantially more than the 11.4 percent raise in the overall consumer price index since 1959.

The insurance companies justify their non-renewal, cancellation, and raising of rates by increases in losses due to riots. But the amount the insurance industry has paid out in fire and casualty losses due to riots and civil disorders is small compared with other "catastrophic" events such as hurricanes and their ongoing business from ocean marine and auto insurance. This figure is usually figured by the loss ratio, which is a ratio between the amount of premiums written to the losses paid plus estimates of present claims to be paid in the future. For example, if the insurance company takes in premiums of $1.00 and pays $.50 in claims, this would result in a 50 percent loss ratio. Best Insurance Reports, the statistical keeper of the insurance industry, reports that in 1967 stockholder-owner companies, which do most of the fire and casualty business in the urban areas, had a loss ratio on fire insurance of only 60 percent compared to 78 percent for ocean marine insurance and 63 percent on auto property damage liability insurance for these same companies. Moreover, the 60 percent loss ratio on the fire and casualty insurance was a drop from a 65.4 percent loss ratio in 1963.

From these figures it is obvious that the insurance industry has done better in the property insurance business than in some other fields. The problem then is not the insurance companies' actual experience but what they fear will happen. As one insurance executive was quoted in *The Wall Street Journal:* "We could probably live with our losses as they are. . . . The problem is not as much what has happened but what will happen." What will happen are more riots. As long as ghettos exist, the threat of civil disorder will remain. And the insurance companies may discover that they cannot move far enough away from these urban areas to prevent losses. There is no guarantee that ghetto nurtured riots may not someday find suburban targets.

But if urban areas are to be restored, property insurance is vital. As Allan B. Jacobs, San Francisco Planning Director, has said, "Lack of insurance in ghetto areas condemns whole portions of the city to remain deteriorating slums. Every time I go into a neighborhood the complaint is the same. They all say, 'How can I fix up my property when I can't get any insurance?' " It is impossible to expect a businessman, black or white, to invest in a business or a homeowner to improve his home if his property cannot be protected from fire. Without insurance, we cannot expect our core cities to improve, let alone expect businesses to establish factories in them to help employ minority workers.

The Mayor of Philadelphia summarized the relation of insurance to the city as follows to the Riot Commission: ". . . Far from being the result of blighting influences, the inability to obtain adequate and reliable insurance is in itself a serious cause of blight. It holds back developers and discourages private rehabilitation by making virtually impossible mortgage financing, mortgage insurance, and rehabilitation loans. In short, it has an adverse effect on all of our efforts, public and private, to go forward with improved housing and commercial development."

After years of fighting against the government's entering the casualty insurance business, the industry has apparently decided maybe it would not be a bad idea, at least with respect to reinsurance. By reinsurance it is meant that an insurance company takes over part of the risk for a portion of the premium. There are many insurance companies in the insurance business who do nothing but reinsurance. They deal directly with insurance companies and are, therefore, usually unknown to the public. Attached to the 1968 $5 billion omnibus housing bill, which has recently been signed by President Johnson, was a rider which in effect would have the federal government reinsure the insurance companies in case of riot. Authors of the rider were insurance lobbyists T. Lawrence

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Jones and Melvin Stark of the American Insurance Association. The industry strategy was very simple: no rider, no insurance in our urban areas.

Under this law, a new federal corporation, the National Insurance Development Corporation (NIDC), will create a fund which will reinsure and, thereby, reimburse an insurer for all major losses in case of riot. The law requires that the reinsurance fund be in an amount at least equal to the level of 1967 losses – estimated at $75 million. The Secretary of the Department of Housing and Urban Development, under whose department the newly formed corporation will operate, however, has estimated that he will put the fund at around $100 million. The amount in the fund and the number and size of the insurance companies participating will determine the premiums the companies will pay into the fund. In addition to the estimated $100 million in the fund, in case this amount becomes exhausted from riot losses, the Secretary of HUD will be empowered to borrow $250 million more from the Treasury for payment of additional claims. Since this borrowing authority is unencumbered by any requirement to seek congressional authorization and appropriation, it is commonly referred to as "backdoor financing." Although such borrowing authority has been authorized in other statutes embodying other programs, it has not been generally looked on with favor by Congress, which is naturally jealous over its power over the purse.

This $250 million figure was a compromise from the House version of the bill which had a $150 million ceiling on the "backdoor financing" provision and the Senate version of the bill which contained no ceiling on this financing. Under the law the federal back-up payment cannot exceed $250 million unless there is a joint resolution from the Congress. Theoretically any monies that are borrowed are to be repaid to the Treasury from future premiums to the reinsurance fund, but as a practical matter some congressional members are fearful that a catastrophe riot will run the amount so high that the likelihood of such repayment will be minimal.

Under the law, federal government would have no power to regulate rates, which remains with the states, and the insurance industry would be free to seek and obtain their yearly rate increase from their friendly state insurance commissioner. States would also reimburse the federal government for a small percentage of the losses within their borders. In return the states and insurance companies will be required to develop the assigned risk plan, called FAIR plans (Fair Access to Insurance Requirements). Under this plan (similar to the plans all states have for automobile insurance) a property owner, unable to buy insurance directly from a company, would, through a broker, be assigned to a standard company. Before an applicant could be refused insurance at standard rates, he would have his property inspected to see its condition. If refused insurance or charged above standard rates, he would have the right to appeal the insurance company's decision. All companies in a state would have to belong to the plan and take applicants on rotation in proportion to the amount of business they write in the state. One reason there is a rush of cancellations now is that by cancelling insurance ghetto policies now, companies are reducing the proportion of applicants they will have to take under the FAIR plans. These plans have been written into law in New Jersey, New York, and California and are in the legislatures of many other states. Title XII of the act is the implementation of the federal program for the District of Columbia.

It is hoped that this bill and the FAIR plans will go a long way to assist the urban dweller and businessman in obtaining insurance. It must be realized, however, that unless premiums are held to a reasonable level many ghetto dwellers will still find insurance to be a "necessity" that they can't afford.

It might, in the future, be necessary not only for the federal government to set premium rates but become a direct seller of insurance. Despite the theoretical discussions of whether the state or federal government should enter directly into the insurance business, the reality is that the states and federal government are already there and doing a good job. Four states (New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Wisconsin) sell life insurance, usually through banks. Ten states sell workmen's compensation insurance and have been in this business since the beginning of the century when the states first passed the workmen's compensation acts because it was thought that no company would insure workers against injury. Four states (California, New York, New Jersey, and Delaware) are in the disability insurance business to protect their workers' income in case illness prevents them from working. All these state insurance activities have not driven the private insurance companies out of business. The competition has in fact been beneficial for the public and kept rates down by the competition between the government and private companies. The federal government has also been in the insurance business for a long time. Its insurance ranges from GI insurance to FHA financing to social security to 100 percent insurance to business firms' overseas foreign investment when made through federal agencies. In any case, any argument against the government going into the casualty insurance business applies equally to its going into the casualty reinsurance business and the precedent seems firmly to have been set at the initiative of the insurance industry.

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

Lunatics and Lovers

Recent months have brought some letdowns from foreign directors who made fine debuts in the '60s. Olmi's film about Pope John was not recognizable as by the same man who made *The Fiancés*. Kaneto Shindo, whose *The Island* (1962) was a kind of Japanese *Harvest* or *Farrebique*, presented *Lost Sex*, a blurry study of impotence psychologically induced by Hiroshima.

The Killing Game
(Regional)
Paris in the Month of August
(Trans-Lux)
Deadfall
(20th Century-Fox)
The Heart is a Lonely Hunter
(Warner-Seven Arts)

Now Alain Jessua. *Life Upside Down* (1965) was a beautiful lyric about a man drifting happily into schizophrenia, making the rest of us feel somehow deprived. Now Jessua gives us the disappointing *Killing Game*.

There is a relation in ideas between his two films – the flat plane of everyday reality seen from an oblique angle. Here the angle is not mental illness but lurid fiction. An impoverished Parisian writer of comic strips and his wife, who does the drawings, become involved with a rich young Swiss. The Swiss is enamored of the writer's violent adventure yarns and invites the couple to stay with him at his château. They accept and begin to work out an odd working relationship with their host. They begin a new series; the wife uses the Swiss as model for the drawings of the hero and uses herself as model for the girl. They feed the Swiss the beginnings of adventures, and he acts out the results for them, which they utilize in their strips. They discover that the Swiss is more than eccentric.

It is a fertile theme, melodramatic fiction feeding on melodramatic life through the medium of a madman; but Jessua, who wrote the script, fell too completely in love with it too soon. With his critical eye obscured, he let the story begin much too slowly, wander into detours, and never really make its points clear. Anyway I am unconvinced that, even if the script were better, Jessua would be the ideal director for it. It needed the light touch of de Broca at his best. Jessua seems too sober for this comic view of madness.

De Broca's prime actor, Jean-Pierre Cassel, plays the writer and is still supremely capable of conveying the joy of living, whether he's enjoying a swim, a truffle, or a bosom. This reminds me that his wife is played by Claudine Auger, attractively cross-eyed (slightly) and lovely. Miss Auger spends much of her time in bikinis, which helps to compensate for the film's flatness.

Good pictures on old subjects are always pleasant. The married person having a serious but doomed affair will always be affecting so long as monogamy exists and fails to correspond with experience. Right now there are two examples of the genre on view. *Interlude* is English, sententious, and drippy, with Oskar Werner being disagreeable and Barbara Ferris resembling a tough Cockney salesgirl who thinks she's Wendy Hiller. A better example is *Paris in the Month of August*, French of course, in which Charles Aznavour's wife and children go on vacation and leave him alone for a month. He meets a young blonde English tourist, they lie to each other, lie *with* each other, tell the truth to each other (he is *not* a painter, she is *not* a top couturier's model), then part.

Everything in the picture is trite, including the hero's pals in the local bistro, but that in itself would not keep it from being good entertainment, particularly with Aznavour's quiet, life-accepting sincerity. Two things hinder the film. Occasionally Aznavour is asked to behave like Cassel, leaping around and shouting the girl's name; it is not his vein. Second, the girl is played by the pretty but cloyingly cute Susan Hampshire, who is so surrounded by self-love that she never lets us get near her.

No film is worth seeing for one moment, but *Paris* has one that is memorable – the very last. Aznavour is in his apartment with his returned wife and children, who are nice. He says little. He looks out the window and finds a trifle on the terrace that the girl has left behind. He clutches it in his hand, then turns sharply away from us. The picture freezes on him and finishes. It's like a knife.

Bryan Forbes, who was never a genuinely good director, continues to get more superficial and flashy. His very spotty picture *The Whisperers* had Edith Evans' superb performance, but I doubt that Forbes had much to do with Dame Edith. Now he has directed a jewel-thief thriller, with his own screenplay based on a novel by Desmond Cory, and he has lavished on it all that he can remember of other directors' good work. But without many inner sources to guide him, he tends to push his borrowings into the ridiculous. The *Rififi* silent caper is always suspenseful, but Forbes has the clever-clever idea of intercutting it with a concert that the house's owner is attending, so that the progress of the robbery can be paced against the progress of the concert and the owner's return. Never mind that no full-dress concert ever consisted of only one concerto. Forbes gets so drunk with his cleverness that the concerto is at its loudest when one of the thieves has his ear to a safe trying to hear the tumblers click. I wanted to shout, "Turn down that music so that this crook can hear what he's doing!"

Forbes also has a penchant for the misleading. In *King Rat* he showed us a knife flashing menacingly in the air; it turned out to be a butcher's knife, innocently cutting meat. Here he begins with a doctor talking to Michael Caine in a sanitarium. The doc-

(Continued on page 41)

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Books and the Arts

Thoreau's Masterpiece

by Joseph Featherstone

Walden is a strange book. Many find it boring, some end up disliking it for what they consider a kind of shiftiness on the part of its author. Even those who love it see very different things to praise. Rebels from William Morris on interpreted it as social criticism, and sentences like "Men have become the tools of their tools" are now a permanent part of radical tradition. It has been called a religious work, a guide to living, a manual of self-knowledge. A few voices over the years have also insisted on its merits as a work of art. In his wonderful book, *American Renaissance*, F. O. Matthiessen argued that *Walden* was a masterpiece, and this is also the starting point for Charles R. Anderson's new study. Anderson's aim is to read it as a "poem," by which he means that his focus is on language, imagery, and symbolism. To him it is an experience recreated in words "for the purpose of routing the World and discovering the Self," and its real theme is the search for perfection. This is, I think, the way Thoreau would have described it, just as Anderson's outline of the form of the book – the way the parts fit into an organic whole – seems to me to correspond with the web of Thoreau's intentions. *Walden* is symphonic in design, and to a great extent its extraordinary shifts in tone and manner – bookishness alternating with serene meditations and crackpot punning – are explicable if you read it with that in mind. Anderson is the right guide to these eccentric glories.

The Magic Circle of Walden
by Charles R. Anderson
(Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $7.95)

He has pored over Thoreau's works, tracking down ideas, sentences, and sources, and he provides a good running commentary and gloss. His learning is top-heavy at times, but his thoroughness is particularly valuable for the light it casts on Thoreau's method of work. Most of Thoreau's artistic energies went into keeping journals, on the presumption – arrogant for a man whose two published works were failures – that the world would one day be interested in reading them. He and Emerson were children of the Puritans, who had scrupulously maintained diaries, the better to search their souls for signs of grace. Emerson's journal was both a diary and a writer's notebook. Thoreau's was a work of art itself, the only form congenial to him over the years. When he died at 44, there was enough journal material to fill 14 or 15 printed volumes. Thus *Walden* was not a characteristic enterprise; its unity and scope are quite different from the small, polished set pieces of the journals. Even so it owes them a considerable debt. Anderson shows how parts of it grew out of original journal entries in an oddly geological process of creation. Thoreau shifted, sifted, and compressed disparate ideas, phrases, and sentences the way an ocean works over the landscape of a beach.

This conscious effort shows in the sheen of *Walden's* prose and the tightness of its design, as Anderson says. But unity of design is not the same thing as unity of effect, and to me certain parts of the book have always seemed strained and overdone. Thoreau is too concerned with hobbling each outburst of the transcendent, qualifying what he says, and balancing one scene against another; there is something feverish and fussy about it, and in the middle of some of its most studied rhetorical triumphs you are led to wonder what, precisely, is being celebrated. *Walden* is a unified work; it also shows the marks of being the product of a divided consciousness.

The divisions in Thoreau's mind mirrored those of the time. He was, in another sense of Emerson's phrase, a Representative Man, in an age tortured by an overwhelming, metaphysical hesitancy. Sages like Emerson were engaged in shoring up midway positions between a threatening new material order and the waning older spiritualisms, and Thoreau was also caught up in the need to reconcile the anguished contradictions in the culture. *Walden* speaks, among other things, to the issues troubling Romantic America: the self against society, nature as revelation, intuition against knowledge, wilderness against civilization, and the implications of the coming age of steel and iron. The parable-maker had deliberately given a sign of his willingness to play the sage's mediating role when he built his hut: he was careful to place it not in the depths of the forest, but midway between the village of Concord and the wilderness, in sight of the Fitchburg Railroad tracks. (Leo Marx suggested that this was the "middle landscape" of all pastoral writing since Virgil, a spot idyllic in that it was both free of the conventions and repressions of civilized life and protected from the violence and chaos of primordial nature.) Up to a point, Thoreau was prepared to stand on middle ground and offer words of salvation to those with ears to hear. There is, however, one division reflected in *Walden* to which he was not prepared to minister. He alone among the transcendentalists, was possessed of an almost Joycean sense of artistic vocation. He spoke as a sage on the subject of redemption; but what he sometimes seemed to be doing was merely trying to write a masterpiece.

This was a dilemma, though never, I think, a conscious one. Nor was it simply a matter of a born artist working against the grain of a profoundly moralistic culture. His aesthetics were as intertwined with his ethics as Emerson's. His outlook was rooted in

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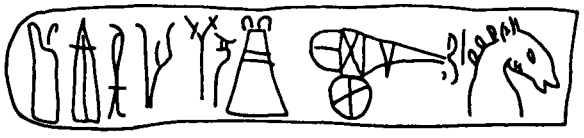

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the idea that the moral law within was somehow related to the starry heavens above, and his whole life was the most radical kind of adventure in justification of Emerson's doctrine that natural facts, properly perceived, must reveal transcendent truths. It is true that both as an artist and a naturalist, Thoreau preferred to turn from the cosmic to the specific stone or birch tree; and, given a choice, he was inclined to take up the aesthetics, rather than the ethics, of any given question. But the tension between natural facts and the higher truths that were supposed to flower from them is an element in everything he wrote. Hence what many have praised as the realism and toughness of *Walden,* the readiness to let contraries flourish, and the ease with which the facts are permitted to undercut the sublimities. Hence the satires at the expense of the transcendent: the hunt for the loon through the woods, or the mock problem of sounding the "infinite" depths of a pond with a firm and measurable bottom. Like Robert Frost, he derived some wry satisfaction from showing how the Emersonian universe didn't work. Unlike Frost, he happened to be committed to that universe.

The facts by themselves did not seem to present much in the way of truths, moral or aesthetic: tracing out this riddle sometimes led him to see that the experience of observing nature ended by casting the observer back on himself and his awareness. Thus when he reflected on the aesthetics of perception – Anderson has gathered together these thoughts – he was led to consider the role of the poet's mind in conjuring up the beauty of a landscape. He talked of a "certain doubleness" in the experience: trees and pond and hills were out there, but they radiated from the perspective of his eye, which shaped and formed their grace. The same could be said of writing, the labored forcing of words that went into *Walden,* for example. He hoed his beans, he said, for the sake of "tropes and expression," for parables. In admitting this, he came close to realizing the strains of transcendentalist heresy that lay behind some of the most ecstatic imagery in *Walden:* that Henry Thoreau, and not the cosmos, was imposing order, beauty, and merit on a

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semi-wild patch of woodland by the force of his pen and imagination. As a sage, Thoreau customarily celebrated his own consciousness of natural pageant, but there were times when he pushed beyond this to exalt the simple, stark power of his invention to work the natural facts into fantastic artificial flowers of his own kind of "truth." One such awesome passage occurs at the triumphant climax of the book, the spring flowering of the sandy railroad bank into figurative life, the driblets of sand and clay curling into organic shapes, leaves, vines, leopard's paws, blood vessels, bowels, excrement. All tropes and expression: the clay and sand have come to life only in his art and the rhetoric summoned to serve a heretical will. Thoreau was playing God.

His occasional sense of the demonic power of the poet to create and order an unnatural realm makes him more accessible to our own time and its concerns than most other figures of his day, who never came as close to piercing through the frailty of the Romantic universe. Only he and Melville approached Henry Adams' discovery that the gay seasons were indifferent to human concerns, or Frost's pathos at the failure of the phoebes to weep. It would be a mistake to think of Thoreau as a modern. I'm guessing, of course, but had he been able to probe even more radically into the depths of his consciousness, I think one part of him would have felt revulsion at his artist's willfulness, and would have insisted that from sterile sand only sterility could issue. He did change after *Walden:* in the very late journals, the balance between fact and observer was redressed with a vengeance, and under the weight of the statistics and notes his inspiration dried up.

Perry Miller, who taught so much about America – and who was himself something of a demonic figure – used to maintain that Thoreau's journals were the supreme embodiment of Romantic egotism. He loved the mad, solipsistic Thoreau capable of saying, "May I love and revere myself above all the gods that men have invented, and never let the vestal fire go out of my senses." This is not the whole of Thoreau, but it is an aspect. There were divisions and odd pockets in his soul and in his art, even if they were not always announced by Byronic trumpeting. Part of a journal entry for 1838, aboard ship off Cape Anne, reads: "Bright moonlight – the effect heightened by seasickness." Only Thoreau could have written this. With his usual compression, he was able to convey in it the essence of a hermaphroditic – the word is his – genius.

Barometer

Over the wreck of winter another season
crashes on this unprotected coast, cryptic
with April flotsam and the dried lavender tears
of wisteria. All through a cold spring
it has been snowing somewhere at the back
of my mind. Sleet covers a hulk dredged
from weeds to bleach on salt islands. Ashore,
ivy quickens on brick faces; over
the seawall forsythia in sunlight
flares, and cherry in white mounds chastens
the drowning eye.

Hollow with the tug and slap
of far tides in a strict cove, I swallow
the whole ocean at one look
and in the shadow of a rock, breathe in
the drift of the sand.

Madeline De Frees

Publicly revealed for the first time—with an explanatory introduction—by ***CORLISS LAMONT***

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Two Cheers for Aggression

by Lionel Tiger

This has been International Aggression year. No longer like von Clausewitz do we say that war is the extension of politics by other means – we are near claiming that it is the extension of life by one of its most important means. All this is set in the context of a lot of new work in biology, anthropology, psychology, genetics, primatology, etc. At the same time, a rather prosperous and extensive industry of speculation has grown up around these data. It would be a pity for knowledge to become mere glamorous conviction and for us to forget that inter- or multi-disciplinary work is of value only if it is good.

Human Aggression
by Anthony Storr
(Atheneum; $5.00)

In an overripe back-cover comment on Anthony Storr's *Human Aggression*, Konrad Lorenz claims that "simplicity certainly is indicative of truth" (surely an oversimplification) and that "The book is a real synthesis of psychoanalytical and ethological thought." These encomia do the book serious disservice, since it is simply a modest, crisp, and brief essay on what humans do against their environment and to each other.

Storr takes into some account a sampling of the new data to which I've referred, and attempts to use them in the context of more traditional psychoanalytic concerns. Deciding that the concept of aggression is particularly useful for this purpose, he thus deals with aggression in childhood, in adults, in the relation between the sexes, in regard to depression, paranoia, and psychopathology. This is important to do because many psychologists and psychiatrists apparently still labor under the illusion that aggression will disappear when frustration does. Storr sternly and correctly disposes of this hypothesis which has dominated the psychological disciplines for a long time, and which may be seen as the response of an optimistic positivist community to the problems of human nastiness and the prospect of social improvement. As Storr archly observes:

> "It is . . . particularly characteristic of modern Americans to hold these opinions, since perennial optimism makes it hard for them to believe that there is anything unpleasant either in the physical world or in human nature which cannot be 'fixed'."

Undoubtedly frustration is important in stimulating all forms of social action, including aggression. Storr's problem, once he deals with the question of frustration, is to create a useful, limited concept of aggression which will allow the reader to identify precisely what it is. But I am not sure he does this. Everything from writing a symphony to finding a cancer cure to garroting a blind Venetian becomes associated in his scheme with aggression of one form or another. Finally, he distills aggression to an outward-looking process tied to an organism's effort to survive in a more or less perilous environment. The value of this argument is its stress on the functional as well as dysfunctional consequences of aggression and the suggestion that it is a healthy component of many human activities, not, as Freud so curiously decided, a feature of a "death-instinct" – a pattern wholly different from any other in the natural world – and not an experience peculiar to Green Berets, axe-murderers, and the Ku Klux Klan. As I have noted, this creates immediate problems of definition which Storr does not fully solve; his is an idiosyncratic (if justified) use of the word which will lead some readers to con-

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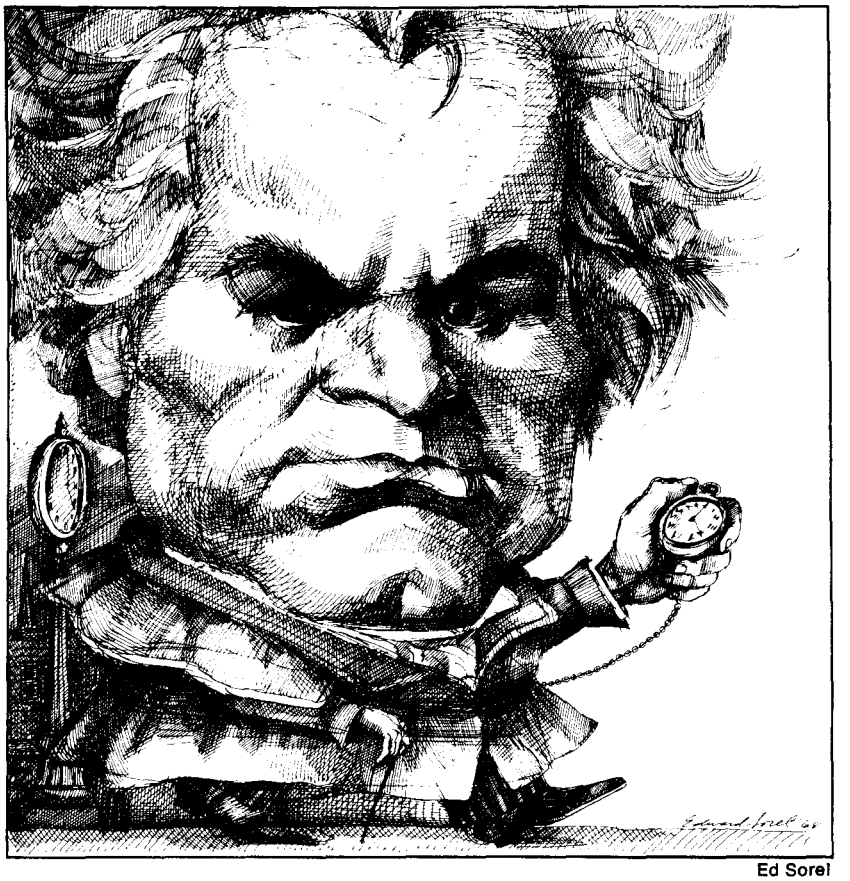
clude that aggression is completely healthy and natural.

But this is the precise dilemma which Storr outlines; namely that nasty aggression may be deeply associated in the nature of the human animal with the very constructive things men do; armies can build flood relief units and keep peace because of the same characteristics which also lead to killing and pillage. This makes keeping the peace extremely difficult – more difficult than if we simply assume that aggression results from frustration or that if we improve education and "train out" the features of humankind which lead to fighting we will live in greater harmony. In fact, the more the world demands of children, students, and adults, the more are required the very qualities of self-assertion, independence, willingness to encounter the environment, and capacity to work in contentious groups that are potentially destructive as well as creative. This is rather different from one popular line of argument in this field – that there is an aggressive "instinct" which when released seeks destruction of others and the triumph of self. This is undoubtedly part of the matter, but Storr suggests how intrinsically socialized aggression is and how rooted it is in the essential process of growing up and learning mastery. In other words, much aggression is robust, cooperative, and indeed essential in a world of accomplishment, complexity, and long educational careers. So when leaders of nations or writers claim their communities must strive for excellence, they necessarily run the risk of exciting a lust for action and achievement which can result equally in the conquest of cancer or a belligerent crusade for "freedom."

Storr goes on to deal with aggression between the sexes, and argues that ". . . within any particular cultural setting we find that for the male to be relatively more dominant and the female relatively less so make both for stability of the family and also for sexual happiness between the couple." Given the modifying word "relatively" he implies that an aggressive male is a good male, to be complemented by a passive female. If we interpret these notions to mean that, operationally, aggression is participation in the higher levels of the economy, politics, and education, this makes biological sense – there is a consistent pattern for fewer women to marry who have successfully "aggressed" occupationally, and for those who do to have fewer children than their more "passive" colleagues. In genetic terms, this simply and starkly means they do not reproduce into the gene pool as effectively as their less talented sisters (career women also reproduce later, which significantly reduces their effectiveness). Though Storr has not quite replaced *Kinder, Kueche, und Kirche* with Bed, Battlefield, and Bossiness, he proposes that it is at best untested and at worst dangerous to assume that broad sexual equality must naturally follow from the acceptance of the idea of political equality.

This not to say formal sexual *inequality* is his goal; Storr's emphasis is primarily on the intimate sphere, and as a practicing psychoanalyst he is concerned with how individual men and women live their lives. Nonethe-



Ed Sorel

For years, Beethoven took a walk at the same time every day, presumably to think. It is good to take time to think. AR once presented a series of public concerts at which the Fine Arts Quartet played, then pretended to play while AR speaker systems on the stage reproduced a tape recording of the quartet. It was very difficult for the audience to tell the difference; otherwise, we would not have presented the concerts. Think about that during your next walk. While you're out, send us your name and address, and we'll send you a booklet about our products and our company.

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less, his argument raises a number of significant questions which are not adequately dealt with. For example, it is undoubtedly true that many males suffer at least superficially from a lack of aggression in Storr's terms. But what are the socio-economic reasons for the alleged deballing of the post-Industrial male? Is it due to conditions of employment in massive, amorphous enterprises? Is it because many males deal with abstractions and possibilities rather than things and realities? If Kinsey's suggestion is correct that North American academic males have rates of sexual activity significantly lower than the norm, is this because the nature of their work forbids them the kind of aggressive encounter with other people and the environment which is "necessary" for a healthy vital male? Can we expect in a community increasingly geared to the production of assistant professors that "the leisure of the theory classes" will stimulate a decline in energetic randiness? Storr does suggest that mass organizations are less healthy environments than small craftsmen's shops, that productivity (a broad index of constructive aggression in his terms) drops with collectivization, that economies dominated by large firms minimize healthy competition. But these are assumptions, not backed by sufficient cross-cultural data. The book is somewhat premature, then, to the extent that adequate, even suggestive evidence about macro-social patterns is missing from its arguments.

Storr's concern with the intimate underlies what are in my view the book's strongest chapters, those dealing with aggression and depression, hostility, paranoia, and psychopathic behavior. Here the experience of the psychoanalyst augments the experience of the ethologist to provide a series of insights which will help in the effort to understand the relation between individual solutions to life's problems and the actions of whole communities. But at the level of the community, Storr is less helpful, chiefly because he does not appear to investigate the possibility that aggression can operate on a social-organic basis, in other words, that whole groups of persons may respond to social situations in ways which are phylogenetically constrained, and in which the cybernetic response of person to person and of person to situation is as real and biologically rooted as the endogenous drives of particular individuals. This comes wickedly close to the notion of an "organic" community – the mouldy old idea that whole societies are like individual organisms. Without accepting all the nonsense about the government being the brain, the church the soul, the arts the heart and so on, there may in a gregarious species be social responses which are intrinsic to aggression and which are broadly "programmed." One important clue to this is the fact that societal aggression is not a human problem but a male one. There is a good deal of evidence that aggression in the corporate communal sense that Storr deals with is almost exclusively male, and the relatively slight emphasis he gives this may, finally, limit the macro-sociological relevance of the book. While he does deal with some sexual differences in aggressive behavior, the fact of male cooperation in aggression is so significant that the utility of the book

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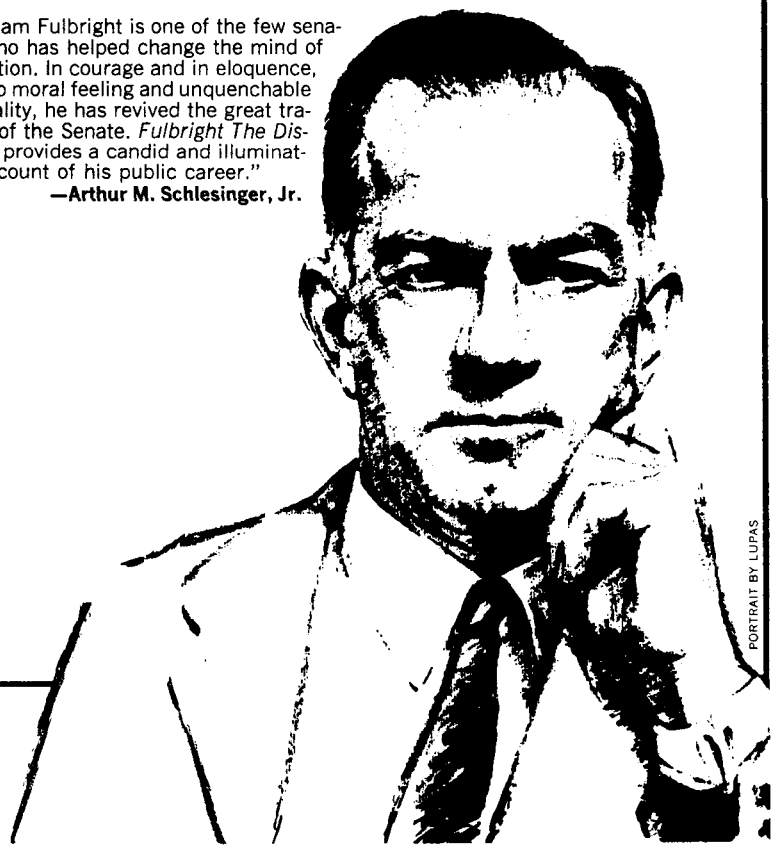

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must lie in those more private, domestic, and psychopathological areas to which Storr's interest is more searchingly directed, and not in the discussion of relatively large-scale corporate efforts.

It is both a refreshing accomplishment but also an unfortunate omission of the book that nowhere is there any emphasis on ideology – the word doesn't even appear in the index. This is all to the good insofar as it underlines that ideology is far less important in aggressive action than the propensities and irrational feelings of the individuals involved in it. At the same time, people – especially males – mouth ideology, fight for it, die for it, even live for it. Ideology can be most parsimoniously seen as the minimum verbal and symbolic justification for the banding together of a group in order to advance or protect what its members see as their ideal and material interests. *In extremis,* that armies usually claim to have God on their side is a not trivial (though slightly hilarious) expression of the relevance of corporate symbolism to corporate aggression.

What is so interesting about all this is that Man is an animal biologically equipped to accept a connection between some more or less elaborate and fanciful ideas, traditions, and communal habits, and the brutal and corporeal matter of destroying other people and their property. My own hunch is that the critical intervening variable between the organism and the group's larger effort is the male bond, and it is to this particular structural factor that Storr pays too little attention. There is nothing particularly wrong with this; it's too much to ask to have sociology represented along with psychoanalysis and ethology, and what for some sociologists will undoubtedly be an incomplete essay (it *is* a short book) should be a useful stimulus for the translation of the kind and scope of insight contained in this book to other contexts. Though a profoundly secular writer, Storr is committed to understanding the complexity and richness of the human living system, and he is a man who understands that the "race" is not to the swift but to the persistent.

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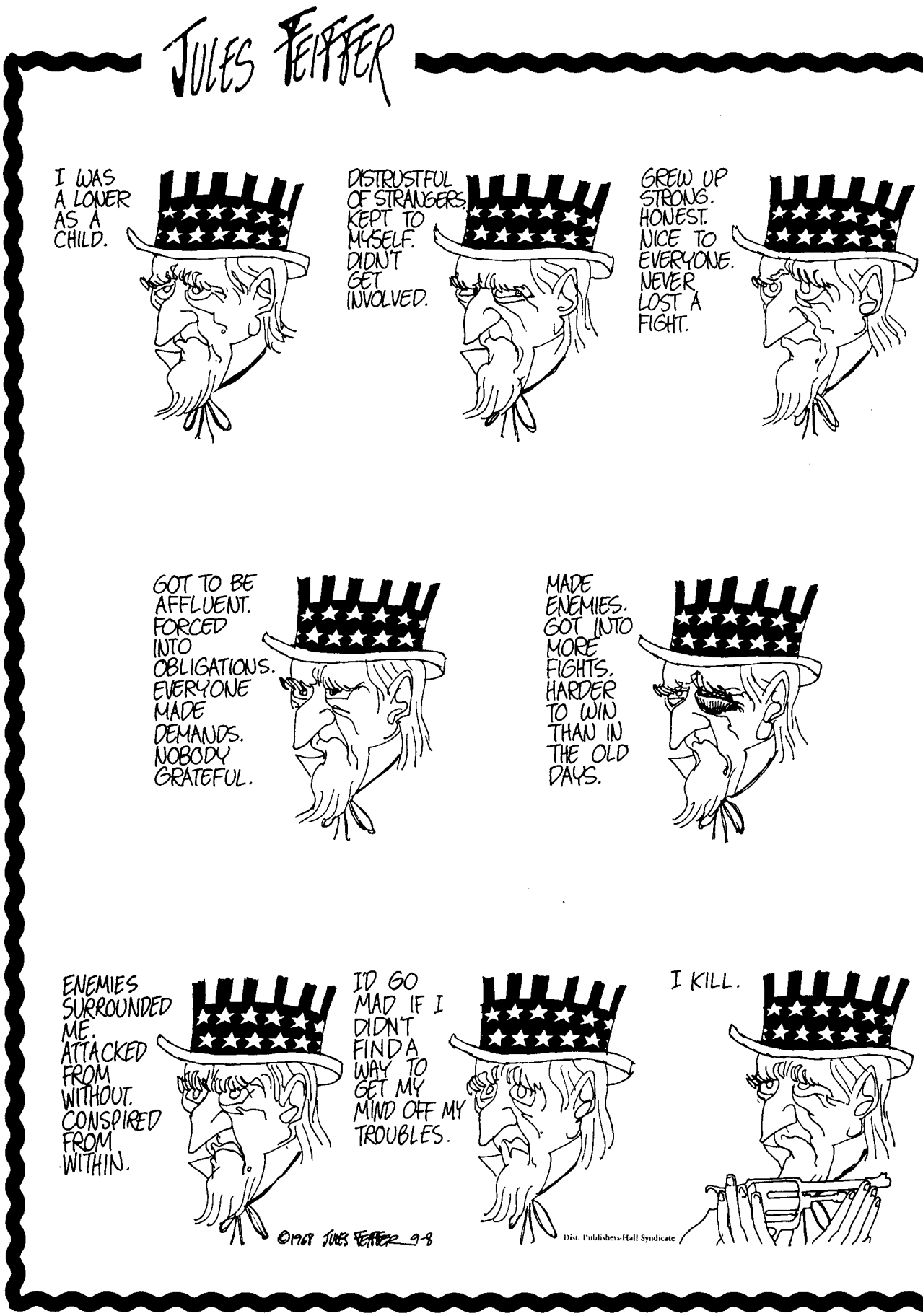
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Show-Biz Mencken

by Joseph Epstein

H. L. Mencken is the closest America has come to having had a literary figure whose authority and influence even approximated Samuel Johnson's. Both were critics who established for their time the climate of thought and feeling in which other writers carried on their work. Although Johnson's mind was certainly more powerful than Mencken's, both men share many likenesses: an interest in philology, a talent for brilliant conversation, a crotchety Tory politics. Time has been gentle to Johnson and caused his politics to be largely overlooked – he wrote, among other inferior political works, a tract against American independence, "Taxation No Tyranny," whose contents ring even more hollow than its title – and so is remembered, correctly, for *The Lives of the Poets*, his wit, and the admirable professionalism he brought to literature. Mencken, however, is today largely thought of as a destructive force. His services in promoting the work of Dreiser and Sinclair Lewis and in exposing so much that was stuffy, fraudulent, and straightaway dreadful are less clearly remembered than his general contempt for American life and his strongly reactionary politics, perhaps the least noble expression of which is the statement that "the ignorant should be permitted to spawn *ad libitum* that there may be a steady supply of slaves."

There is injustice in this, yet Mencken himself must share the blame. With great care he created a public personality and was forced forever afterward to live with it – till, like the mask welded onto the Count of Monte Cristo, it nearly strangled him. This public personality is well-known: the professional debunker, the deflationist, the tough-minded intellectual who received no received opinions, the demolition expert in the fields of the literary and the social who chose to explode the tawdry and the fifth-rate with the key weapon in his arsenal – a prose style of great firing power. Sometimes, to be sure, he overblasted his target, and the effect was like using nitroglycerine to remove a tooth. But Mencken missed very little of quality in the writing done during his years as a critic. In Professor Nolte's ably edited anthology of Mencken's *Smart Set* pieces there are words of encouragement or admiration for such contemporaries as Dreiser, Lewis and F. Scott Fitzgerald, Sherwood Anderson, Willa Cather and Ezra Pound, Shaw, H. G. Wells, Conrad, Synge, Freud, and James Huneker. He was a hard critic to get past; he seldom erred on the side of generosity; but he was in

The Constant Circle: H. L. Mencken and His Friends
by Sara Mayfield
(Delacorte; $6.50)
H. L. Mencken's Smart Set *Criticism*
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(Cornell; $10.00)

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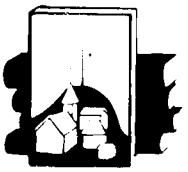

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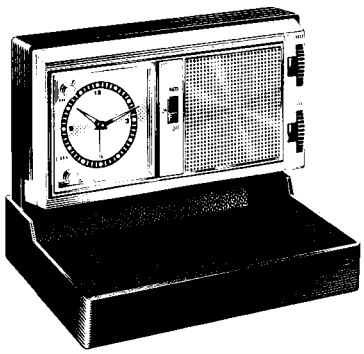

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no sense closed to what was new, exciting, and significant.

"Why, then," as Gerald W. Johnson, an old friend of Mencken's, has asked, "was an excellent literary, and an effective social critic, a calamity as a political analyst?" The answer, I believe, is to be found in the persona Mencken so sedulously cultivated. No other career in American writing so cleanly illustrates the advantages and disadvantages of a public personality to a literary man. Moreover, the utility of a public personality is a very live issue in contemporary American writing; with by no means clear consequences, it hovers over the careers of at least two of our most interesting writers, Norman Mailer and James Baldwin.

The first advantage of a public personality is that it brings a writer notoriety, lending his life an interest of a kind akin to that of a character in soap opera. Its chief disadvantage is that it tends to cut down his freedom. As a public personality, a writer is in the public domain, his audience has certain expectations, and the danger is that he will go out of his way to fulfill them. (Or, in the case of a writer like Mailer, to jar them.) To the extent that he attempts to do so, he is no longer his own man. And to the extent that a writer's public and private personality are at variance, he will, somewhere along the line, have to pay for his public personality in private terms. *The Constant Circle*, Sara Mayfield's memoir of Mencken and his friends, demonstrates the wide discrepancy between Mencken's public persona and his private life. Miss Mayfield's is a very sentimental and old-fashioned book, in the nicest sense of those words. It seems to have been written to rekindle some very pleasant memories from her own earlier years and to do honor to her friends, above all Henry Mencken. In this purpose, it succeeds admirably.

The Mencken of *The Constant Circle* turns out to be a man radically different from the public one. That Mencken was a terror, a man who could describe America as comprised of "the botched ejecta of a dozen antagonistic European, Asiatic, and African societies," while the private Mencken, as editor of *The Smart Set* and later of *The American Mercury*, kept his door open and gave a generous hearing to every kook and crank who sauntered into his office, lest he discourage anyone of real talent. He was a severe elitist yet also a fierce civil libertarian. He was a great *railleur* against the American middle class, yet his own style of life was as far as possible from even the mildest form of bohemianism: he lived at home in Baltimore with his ailing mother till well into his forties, enjoyed all the bourgeois comforts, including his seidel of beer in the evenings, and was a regular member of a Saturday night amateur music group. Miss Mayfield was a close friend of Mencken's wife, the writer Sara Haardt, and much of her memoir is devoted to their courtship and marriage. Mencken married Miss Haardt though she was not fated to live long. After his wife died, Mencken described his brief marriage as "a beautiful adventure." The private Mencken was not merely decent but honorable, in some ways even noble.

We are left, then, with the public man. It would be convenient to conclude that this Mencken used his typewriter in the way certain otherwise quiet little men are said to use their cars – as an instrument through which to channel all aggression. This hardly appears to be the case, however. Mencken's public personality was a deliberate creation and, like all such creations, it had a strong element of show biz. "What's your attitude toward the world?" George Jean Nathan has reported Mencken asking him before they began to edit *The Smart Set*. "I view it as a mess in which the clowns are paid more than they are worth, so I respectfully suggest that, when we get going, we get our full share."

Mencken's entire career – his work on *The American Language* only excepted – was devoted to causing a stir. His strategy was simple: if the wind was blowing north, he traveled south; if the current was headed upstream, he headed down. He needed always to convey the sense that he was writing from a minority position, that he was going against the grain. He thrived on heterodoxy. There is a 1918 essay in Professor Nolte's *Smart Set* collection

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in which Mencken admires the writing of Freud. Were he alive today, now that Freud's thought has hardened into orthodoxy, there is every chance he would go the other way. Early on Mencken acquired the iconoclastic habit of mind and it was never to leave him.

This was not in itself sufficient for him to have acquired the prominence he enjoyed. With his iconoclasm went one of the clearest, strongest, wittiest prose styles in American writing. Miss Mayfield remarks that Mencken's wit "depended upon exaggeration, incongruity of simile and metaphor, irreverence, and self-deprecation." From an entertainer's point of view, his great trick was that he used it to insult everyone but his readers. Yet to write so well is not always an unmixed blessing. In Mencken's case, the cleverness and authority of his prose frequently relieved him of the burden of argument; he was able to demolish his opponents simply by making them look ridiculous. "More bosh" is the entire opening sentence of his *Smart Set* review of a book by a man named Edward Carpenter, "an English platitudinarian who seems to be arousing a good deal of excitement of late among the virgin reviewers."

The Depression, which began with Mencken's reputation at its zenith, also boded his decline. A nation in crisis does not easily afford comedy, nor does it suffer comedians gladly. That Mencken was virulently anti-New Deal and saw in FDR a new ample target for his contumely was not too surprising. In part, this derived from what was by then an ingrained recalcitrance before authority, and especially before "do-gooders"; in part, from his pervasive though rather foggy notions of elitism. It is one thing to be an elitist in cultural matters, another to be one in politics: one thing to maintain that the majority is effectively cut off from the enjoyment of Beethoven, Strindberg, and Nietzsche, another to maintain that it is unworthy of freedom, a voice in its own government, and social justice. After the Depression Mencken turned his attention almost wholly from culture to politics, and in so doing carried his elitism with him without hitch. It took the form, in his political writing, of an ill-tempered individualism – Roosevelt's brain trust he described as a "mob of mountebanks" who believed anyone who worked hard or saved was a "low and unmitigated scoundrel" – joined to a grating anti-intellectualism.

Mencken was wholly consistent. The times had changed but he hadn't and, in the '30s and '40s, his consistency cost him his relevance. He continued to ply his public personality, but the old "bits" – and there is a sense in which all public personalities are extended "bits" – failed to work. With the approach of the '40s, he ignored the threat of Japan, took no interest in the Spanish Civil War, and failed to take Hitler and Mussolini seriously. Instead he concentrated his fire on FDR and the New Deal – "just another political swindle" – and his opinions everywhere became more strident. He was pressing to regain his old place, but to little avail. He must have sensed this, for during these years he continued work on his study of the American language, which he now referred to as his "anchor against oblivion."

His opinions began to undo him. He became thought of as Hitlerite and also acquired an unenviable reputation as an anti-Semite. Both charges were unjust, but Mencken was never in a strong position to refute them. Conventional patriotism was alien to his temperament even in war-time, his whole life was one long exercise in not being taken in, and the total effect of his careful painting of his public persona was that he had painted himself, late in life, into a corner. In 1948 he suffered a massive cerebral thrombosis, which resulted in an impairment of his speech and memory, leaving him for the last eight years of his life unable to read or write.

Finally, of course, it is his achievement that is worth preserving. This was considerable. At the height of his powers he promoted the best that was being thought and written and exploded a good deal of cultural clutter. Walter Lippmann, in an essay written in 1926, has come closest to capturing Mencken's quality when he was working well:

> "His blows have the clean brutality of a natural phenomenon. They are directed by a warm and violent but an unusually healthy mind which is not divided, as most minds are, by envy and fear and ambition and anxiety. When you can explain the heightening effect of a spirited horse, of a swift athlete, of a dancer really in control of his own body, when you can explain why watching them you feel more alive yourself, you can explain the quality of his influence."

More than forty years later, H. L. Mencken's best writing still has this quality. Van Wyck Brooks, in his autobiography, called him "the rude forefather of us all." It would be a very considerable ingratitude not to recognize that lineage and the debt that goes with it.

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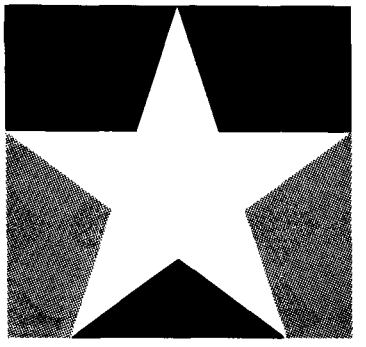

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by Sidney Callahan

Jacqueline Grennan, formerly Sister Jacqueline, became president of Webster College (outside St. Louis) in her mid-thirties and not long after made two kinds of news. First she brought Webster as a college and herself as a creative nun-administrator into prominence by dynamic educational innovations. Subsequently, she resigned from her religious order at about the same time Webster was becoming a lay institution, and stayed on as president. Since all this took place with the approval of her religious order and authorization from Rome, it constituted something unique in American Catholicism. Eighteen months after the furor some sixteen of her speeches have been published.

Where I Am Going
by Jacqueline Grennan
(McGraw-Hill; $5.95)

One can begin by summoning Miss Grennan's image from television and the papers: intelligent, mobile face, flashing eyes, expressive gestures, strong, quick and pleasing voice. Sharp, smooth, bright vitality crackles in all directions, and David Susskind, or whoever the interrogator is, goes down blitzed by articulate charm. In religious habit or in civilian dress, it's a great part. Pietistic stereotypes are smashed. *Worldly* nun (her italics) or worldly ex-nun confronts and wins the unsuspecting world.

Yet "confronts" is not really the appropriate word to use for Miss Grennan's style. She is a classic case of Catholic assimilation into both American values and the American liberal establishment, at least during the days of the New Frontier. She has no qualms telling what Jerry Wiesner said to her in the corridors of the White House, or repeating her conversations with Jerome Bruner at MIT conferences. Her "good atheistic friends," or "good agnostic friends" are simply those from "different subsets," also engaged in the "ecumenical world of search." Together they can assess "the important issue of feedback data" and get on with the job of being "action-intellectuals."

In speech after speech Miss Grennan conveys her deep admiration of and complete agreement with the pragmatic use of power to serve and shape the country. It is a virtue to be ambitious, to have power and to use it well (even as an elite). She is happy to open the "floodgates of pragmatism," delighted to be called a "tactician," pleased to live on challenging frontiers at which the most essential human act of decision-making is called for. It is "exciting" and "wonderful" to do, to act, to accomplish, to live in the ever-progressing, open world of freedom, to be alive and young in the "functioning," "operational" secular city. More power to you and me; the achieving society is the good society.

Miss Grennan gets along famously with the business establishment. She gets funded despite her attacks on Birchites and other conservatives because she believes in the greatness of "the bootstraps initiative of the frontier" and can unself-consciously call the world community "this great corporation." Her favorite parable in the book involves the daring investments and spectacular returns of the Monsanto Chemical Company, which in 20 years raised gross sales from $35 million to one billion-three-hundred-fifty million dollars. By going into the public sector and investing in research, business succeeds.

Education is insight but also power. A student should be looking around to get the most for his investment, asking at nineteen "Where can I develop the most power?" With only one life to spend, we should dare and gamble in order "to use ourselves as a power instrument for all people." This combination is consistent with Christianity because "We ought to see the grace life as a new power drive."

Oh, Jacqueline, Jacqueline, why have you bought the whole package? Sharp as you are, the Enlightenment's got you: Condorcet from an Illinois farm coated with Teilhard de Chardin: "I am a firm believer in the new genera-

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tion and in the ensuing generations, because I am a devotee of the evolution of man and the future of man." Doesn't she know that firm believers and devotees of the future can be as dangerous in their way as worshippers of the past? Then she says: "The only good is fulfillment; the only good is progress. It's where I am going that is important, not where I am." Mild despair. Process, act, power and the future are important, but it is just as imperative to know where we are, or where it's at. The two are definitely related, although devotees of progress rather tend to deny the inconvenient facts of the present.

Maybe the basic problem with this untortured sunniness arises from the jarring incongruity of its pre-1968 worldview. Time and the events of the past year in America have thoroughly buried Camelot and the New Frontier under glacial layers. Still to be buried though already cooling is a parallel Catholic springtime. Liberated Catholics had a brief and glorious May-time affair with the world. Painfully emerging from the hard shell of the ghetto, Catholics looked on the world, saw it was good, and fell into their own style of secular mystique. The old was out and the new was in – outside was "the real world." The laity, the vernacular, the secular city, marriage, sex and action were newly glorified.

A most basic American faith sustained all these enthusiasms: with better technique we can solve all problems and make tremendous progress. As this faith slowly fades, one liberal Catholic remnant still hopes for the apocalyptical conversion of the Bishops and another believes in the spontaneous power of an underground Church. Those Catholics who, like Jacqueline Grennan, remain verbal in the old optimism are the most unsatisfying of all.

Where is there a viable Christian pessimism? For the last two years I have carried around a slip of paper in my wallet with a quote from Brecht: "A man who laughs/Has simply not yet received the terrible news." Lately I have been thinking that American Catholics should not forget what they can learn and teach from being part of an old, ambiguous communion immersed in failure. Otherwise, why not join up with Norman Vincent Peale or the other health and power people? In more orthodox Christianities a very real resurrection is effected only by a very concrete and unpleasant death. The cross remains: chaos, messy suffering and another trip to Arlington Cemetery. Frontiers may not breed the best men; passive endurance may often be better than decision-making. Old, stable, civilized cultures, even a secure ghetto, may be better than the wide-open achievement race. *In extremis* we might now and again wonder whether immediate revolution is to be preferred to slow evolution by elite.

Such self-doubt may not change one's acts much. Nor in Miss Grennan's case would anyone wish her actions to be different. She is a creative educator who keeps growing and stimulates others to grow. While it is easy to carp at her language and criticize her ideas, her accomplishments compel the respect due a successful reformer. Still, a little self-doubt nicely tempers activists and reformers. No one wants to have pessimism triumph totally over hope. Whether hope is an effort or a gift it remains a necessary virtue. But we can ask for the final surgical severance of the Christian vision and the American dream, too optimistically confused in current Catholic reform.

Notes on Contributors

Lionel Tiger *is author of* Man in Groups. Joseph Epstein *is an associate editor of The Encyclopaedia Britannica.* Mrs. Sidney Callahan's *latest book is* Beyond Birth Control: Christian Experience of Sex. A. B. Spellman *is the author of* Four Lives in the Behop Business.

Public and Private

On her fifteenth birthday, a girl stood on her head
And by that exposure shocked her mother,
From whom she had stolen a dime when she was six.
At twenty-three, she tried to make me think
She was as bad as a murderer of many human beings.

I dissuaded her, with kindly self-assurance.
But public horror touches my own privacies,
And my self-deceptions rot and crawl like public lies,
And my private acts flame and glare like public facts.

Am I trying to exculpate myself by an arithmetic
Equating my actions with a child's tricks,
Or is it that an absurd ambition claims and proclaims my crimes,
To promote my slipshod life to the dignity of wickedness?

I could wriggle back to an artist's equilibrium
With the extenuation of well-shaped accomplishment
And in that balance know what I should without it:
If we are all guilty we are not equally so.
I will not atone for public men with gasoline.

RALPH ROBIN

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Totalitarian Rule

Its Nature and Characteristics

By HANS BUCHHEIM

Translated from the German by RUTH HEIN

In this brilliant theoretical work Dr. Buchheim carefully defines totalitarianism, drawing examples mostly from Hitler's Germany and Communist Russia. From specific events emerge principles that can measure the degree of totalitarianism in any political-social system.

HANS BUCHHEIM was the only person in his class who avoided joining the Hitler Youth. As an officer, he fought and was wounded on the Eastern Front. For many years associated with the Institut für Zeitgeschichte in Munich, he is now at the University of Mainz.

112 pages. *With notes and bibliography.* $4.50

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY PRESS

"MUCH HAS CHANGED *in this country since 1964. Today, the issue is a stark matter of the survival of the conditions of civilization. Is a great, law-abiding, producing people to be held ransom by small minorities of* lumpen *slum-dwellers and* lumpen *students, aided, abetted and directed by liberal ideologues turned nihilist? The answer of the Republican convention to that question is a clear and decisive No.*"

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Worse Than Vietnam?

by A. B. Spellman

Much of what Julius Lester says in this ferociously titled book is based on his experience in and around the Atlanta SNCC office, so naturally people down here are anxious to check out his replays. Two weekends ago I visited Brother Danny Brown, a former SNCC worker now cloistered at the Trappist monastery in Conyers, Ga. The first thing Danny asked was, "What did Julius say about me?" I answered that

Look Out Whitey, Black Power's Gon' Get Your Mama
by Julius Lester
(Dial; $3.95)

Julius had told how Danny faced down the sheriff in Green County, Alabama. Danny smiled with deep nostalgia. "Yes, yes, that sheriff went for bad, but the first thing I did when I hit Green County was to walk up to that sheriff in the middle of town and tell him, "Man if you even *dream* about messing with me, I want you to get up in the morning and come to me and apologize'."

Bluster? No, survival. That particular sheriff had run organizers out of his county before, and could have run Danny Brown out, except that Danny neutralized him before the townspeople. He also made quite an impression on the black people there, making his work that much easier. SNCC circles are full of such stories, some of them more frightening than anything I've heard from Vietnam combat veterans. SNCC workers still unscrew the lightbulbs in the ceilings of their cars so that they don't make a target when they open the doors at night. SNCC drivers still learn intimately every curve in the backroads of the county they work in so that they can escape at night without lights, if they have to. "Willie Squire," says Lester, "learned how to make a "U" turn at 90 mph: 'Take your hands off the wheel and pull the hand brake. The car will spin around. Release the hand brake and accelerate'."

People who were at the Orangeburg Massacre describe a scene of white terror that extended far beyond the campus at S.C. State. Two weeks after Orangeburg I met a student activist from Alcorn A&M who was full of buckshot. He had been speaking to a student assembly at Alcorn when the state troopers announced their presence with a shotgun blast, aimed at his head, that shattered the microphone before his mouth. No "break up this meeting" or "You're disturbing the peace," but tip-toe up to the balcony and shoot to kill.

SNCC rhetoric, SNCC theory and SNCC programs issue from this perspective, and Lester's prose is organized to be consistent with the SNCC reality. That is to say that Lester ranges from the coldly analytical to the vehemently subjective, often in the same paragraph. It is, I think, to his credit that he does not attempt to extract himself from his experiences and hide behind a bogus objectivity. Not that the objective basis for his analysis is not present, but it is untruthful for a man who has been whipped and jailed for trying to help his people to pretend that he doesn't hate the people who did him in.

White liberals and quite a few white radicals were offended when SNCC closed its staff to whites. But it is now crystal clear, as Stokely likes to say, that whatever the future of the movement, political organization of black people will have to be done by black people, with little regard for the opinion of whites. Lester says that SNCC learned that black people are so conditioned to having white people think for them that they would follow a white man to the polls whether they understood the issues or not. Yet it is assumed by whites, as it is assumed by blacks, that theirs is the first generation to deal with the question of white control of black affairs. Lester, in his analysis of this all-important issue, cites historical basis for all-black militant organizations. One of his most forceful examples is the Garrison-Douglas hassle over Douglas' right to start his own paper, all of which is very familiar to those of us who have

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had to explain to well-meaning whites, over and over, why all-black organizations are necessary.

The problem of black writers addressing themselves to white readers is not solved in *Look Out Whitey*. That is to say, the book, like this review, is pointed to the white liberal audience which does most of the book buying in America. However, most black writers of our generation feel that their work should function in the struggle, that it is more important to strengthen black people than to cajole or insult whites. Thus certain pages of *Look Out Whitey* seem to be addressed to white readers, other pages to blacks. This puts a strain on the prose.

Still, this is a valuable book, explicating the SNCC history, style and theory even better than Carmichael's *Black Power*. It will be an indispensable part of the library of every person who wants to understand what has happened to the Movement in the last fifteen years.

Correspondence

The New Republic welcomes communications in regard to subjects of current interest. Those of 300 words or less are most suitable for publication.

Democratic Convention

Sirs:

As one who has been involved to the utmost of my limited capabilities in the presidential campaign of Senator Robert Kennedy, I, along with countless others I am sure, am dismayed and disheartened by the obvious demise of the Democratic Party at the hands of Mayor Richard Daley and his henchmen. But to those of us who are loyal to RFK's promise of a "newer world," to those of us who cherish Dr. Martin Luther King's "dream," who marched with Eugene McCarthy through the snows of New Hampshire to the horror of Chicago, there is nothing sacrosanct about the Democratic Party. Any political party is only as good or as bad as the people who comprise it and guide it. And the Democratic Party, the party which was nurtured on the vision of Franklin Roosevelt, the intelligence of Adlai Stevenson, the excellence and grace of John Kennedy and the compassion of Robert Kennedy, was buried in Chicago – a victim of five years of Johnson's brutalizing and five days of Daley's administered *coup de grace*.

Hubert Humphrey will live to rue the day of his nomination. Each and every one of us who is loyal not to the Democratic Party but to the principles for which it once stood, will do everything possible to prevent his election. And to this end "we pledge our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor."

Nicholas N. Cherniavsky
Rockford, Ill.

I, and fellow supporters of McCarthy, McGovern and the late Robert Kennedy *will not* rally to the cause of Hubert Humphrey as the desperate alternative to Richard Nixon.

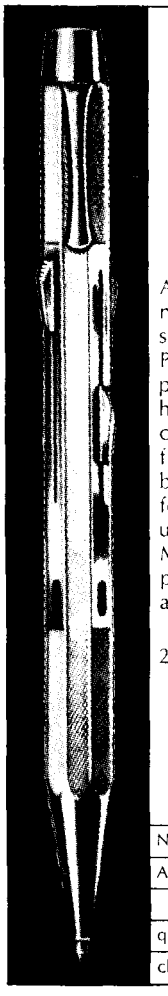
The policies that have divided the Democratic Party and the nation are not our creation; if the party chooses to carry on the policies of a discredited Administration, we cannot, in good conscience, help perpetuate this shame.

And, if resounding defeat in November is the price to be paid, we can only hope that the new Democratic Party built from the rubble will once again be responsive to the progressive spirit that was its cornerstone. Burn, baby, burn!

Robert M. Danziger
Southhampton, N.Y.

We cannot accept the idea that Hubert Humphrey's pre-1964 record is relevant to the present campaign, while his performance of the past four years is not. We believe that his vociferous support of Johnson's war policies, his frequent and passionate denunciations of those who have not shared this position with him, and the brutality of his drive for the nomination, culminating in the Chicago travesty of August 28, tell us more about the nature of his liberalism than does his voting record of ten years ago. We do not believe that such a man should be President, regardless of the kind of man he once may have been.

Accordingly, we will vote for Mc-



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Carthy or McGovern on a fourth party ticket if possible, and if not we will not vote, even if it means consigning the country to four years of Richard Nixon. As dreary as the latter prospect seems, it will be worth it if it helps convince the would-be Democratic kingmakers of 1972 and thereafter that all of us will not always docilely vote for whoever is chosen for us in August, just to keep the Republicans from winning in November.

Dr. and Mrs. Richard M. Felder
Yaphank, N.Y.

Following on the Nixon/Agnew victory at Miami, the Humphrey nomination at Chicago, and the setting and manner of that nomination make one fact absolutely inescapable: both major American political parties have now abandoned their responsibility to the American public. Neither represents anyone or anything but the "inside" struggle of ambitious politicians for the places of power.

A third party is now inevitable because it is historically necessary – and I do not mean the party of George Wallace. That great mass of American people who have again and again expressed their loathing of the Vietnam war and its price in domestic torment have been left standing out in the cold. They have been deprived of choice or representation, cheated, politically emasculated.

It is impossible that this situation should endure.

J. W. Fawcett
Washington, D.C.

Re the Democratic Convention: I don't know if they let letters from the Free World through the Iron Curtain, but if you do receive this uncensored, I invite the citizens of the USA to sneak across the border to a land where people are allowed to differ from the stated policies of the government. Further, could you give any information as to when the tanks and the troops now lining the Canadian-USA border will be moving in? Fortunately I'm not female, which puts me in less danger of having my head beat in, but nevertheless I'm still nervous.

D. G. Nelson
Vancouver, Canada

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To save the United States of America from both internal and external self-destruction, we must write-in Eugene McCarthy for President in the November election. To save our democracy, to make it a living, viable democracy, we *must write-in Eugene McCarthy.* In the presidential primaries held across the width and breadth of the nation early this year, over 70 percent of the voters indicated a desire to dump the Johnson-Humphrey ticket. Wednesday night, August 28, gave us a beautiful example of the workings of the old pros in the Democratic Convention. LBJ and cohorts engineered the convention, allowing no dissention. We have two months in which to tell those who will cast their ballot in November that the only salvation of these United States, of democracy, requires a write-in for Eugene McCarthy.

David O. Mocine
Appleton, Wis.

The following resolution, asking the American Historical Association to transfer its forthcoming December meeting from Chicago to some other city, was adopted by a two-to-one margin at the annual business meeting of the Pacific Coast Branch of the American Historical Association, held on August 30 at Santa Clara, Calif.;

"For the advancement of genuine historical knowledge a climate of freedom is prerequisite. Evidence must be open to examination by all. Scholars must be free to propose new interpretations and must allow others an equal freedom to subject these views to searching criticism. A principal purpose of historical meetings is to facilitate such exchanges of ideas.

"Discussions of this serious sort become impossible or at least futile if they must take place behind barbed-wire fences, in the presence of armed men who, in the name of order, are prepared to use force indiscriminately to coerce or inhibit the expression of ideas that are disliked by men in authority.

"For this reason, members of our profession, speaking not only as human beings but also in the name of the discipline of history, have condemned the brutality of police-state regimes abroad, whether imposed by fascists or communists, and have treated as unworthy of serious regard the pronouncements respecting historical matters that have emanated from conferences held under the shadow of bayonets and truncheons.

"During the past several days, the television screens of this continent and the newspapers of the world have presented for all to see the spectacle of a great political convention in the United States of America ringed by barbed wire, patrolled by both police and military forces, under surveillance from helicopters, with tear gas used again and again. Representatives of the various news media and accredited delegates to the Convention have been arrested and manhandled even on the Convention floor itself.

"If a great political gathering, convened for the purpose of exercising one vital function in the process of democratic self-government and attended, moreover, by persons of great political power, can be subjected to such indignities, how can the world at large be expected to believe that a body of scholars, possessed of no tangible weapons of self-defense, will be able to carry on their discussions freely in a city that has witnessed such shocking displays of repressive force?

"Therefore the Pacific Coast Branch of the American Historical Association in its annual business meeting on the 30th of August 1968 – a meeting held behind glass doors, not barricades, in the halls of the free and venerable University of Santa Clara – hereby resolves to request its parent body, the American Historical Association, to take immediate steps to transfer its forthcoming annual meeting in December 1968 from the city of Chicago to some community where the brutal and repressive use of police power is not openly condoned by the highest municipal authorities."

Arthur Bestor
University of Washington

I watched the fate of the anti-war demonstrators at the convention. I am a 37-year-old registered Democrat. I am not a communist, anarchist, radical, hippie, or yippie; I am one of the millions of "ordinary" Americans.

I have never in my life been so proud to be an American as when I saw their

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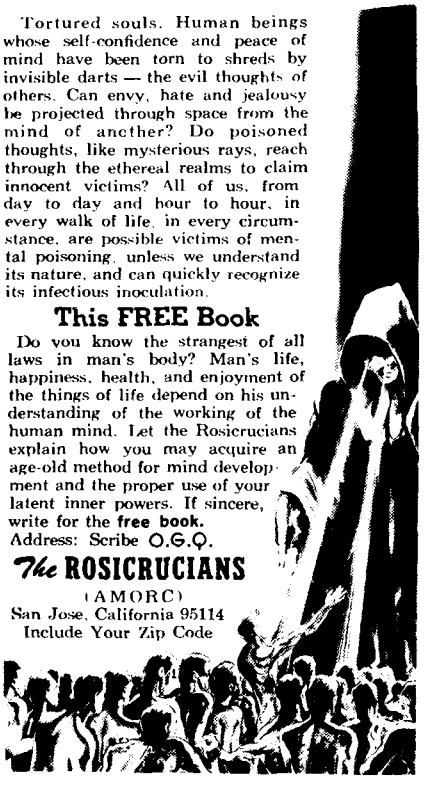

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fantastic courage and determination to show the American people that thousands and thousands of people – embracing every conceivable sort from ministers and Democratic delegates to the most unwashed yippie – that they will never be diverted or frightened away from their determination to make known their beliefs through constitutional use of public streets.

Their solidarity – and their widespread support of Eugene McCarthy – was the only ray of sanity and concern for humanity in the entire slaughterhouse of the convention. McCarthy has played an enormous part in clarifying and focusing all the initially unfocused and vague protests. He and Paul O'Dwyer are loved and trusted by the younger Americans – who will soon become a political force to be reckoned with – as are no others on the political scene today.

Betty Fazakas
Brooklyn, N.Y.

I wish to address these thoughts to Mr. Humphrey:

As I sit here listening to your acceptance speech the following thoughts come to mind. What happened? Where was the democracy at the Democratic National Convention? Who can be held responsible for the police brutality in the streets of Chicago and in the Convention hall itself? I believe you could have stopped it. You could have forced Daley to call off his goons by telling him you would not accept the nomination in an armed camp. So tonight when you say you despair for the injured I do not believe you. When you call on the people to reject the use of violence I laugh. I laugh and cry and wonder how you can call on people to be nonviolent and in the same breath praise a President and a war which is destroying a country and killing hundreds of thousands of people. When you tell the young people that violence only spawns more violence and they should reject its use why don't you also condemn the use of violence in Vietnam? Hasn't *our* violence spawned more violence and shouldn't we reject its use and go through the orderly processes of the United Nations? Can't you understand that people are becoming aware of the moral hypocracy of condemning violence and at the same time using the most awful weapons against the people of South Vietnam? If you really think that nonviolence is the way to solve problems then let your actions speak. If our government really doesn't believe in violence it should start dismantling the most awful array of destructive weapons ever assembled. We should stop killing people, get rid of bombs and missiles, and stop preparing for biological and chemical warfare. We should stop supplying arms to other nations. Then and only then will this government have the right to condemn the use of violence.

Mr. Humphrey, at one point you said we should all affirm our love of America. I will not affirm love of *your America.* I will love the America of the young people and of Gene McCarthy, an America which demands an end to the dichotomy between what we say in lovely words and what we actually do.

Mrs. Henry Goldstein
Lake Forest, Ill.

The insensitivity of the majority of the delegates at the Democratic Convention in Chicago compares to accounts we read about in newspapers of humans being knifed, murdered, or brutally beatened with passers-by just looking on and going about their business. We are appalled at the callousness of humans but extremely so when we witness it before our very eyes.

Out of some 56 or so delegation chairmen who went on with casting their votes (business as usual), only two were men enough and had breeding enough to express concern for the blood of other Americans that was then and there flowing freely through the streets of Chicago by order of the Democrat Mayor Daley. He certainly proved he would have law and (dis)-order . . . Wallace Style.

The Democrats are truly the "War Party" at home and abroad.

The representatives of the rank and file Democrats cannot in truth be concerned with blood being shed 10,000 miles away when they shout down the gentleman from Wisconsin who wished to express disapproval of the bloodletting in Chicago by motion to adjourn to another city. It was "Politics as Usual" with most of them going

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on with their business of the day, including the Chair.

Jeanine Poirier
Mt. Clemens, Mich.

In Response to Matzorkis' Response

Sirs:

In response to Mr. Matzorkis' article on Stokely Carmichael in the August 24 issue of *New Republic*, I would like to point out that it is not only that the white man committed genocide against the Indian some hundred or more years ago, but that he also committed it against the Jews thirty years ago and commits it against the South Vietnamese as recently as this morning. *Now.*

This is not to say that other races would not commit genocide if given the opportunity, but the fact is, they are not. It may not be a distinct peculiarity of the people with light pigments which incline them toward racial extermination, but there is, it seems to me, that possibility.

Unless Mr. Matzorkis is working to end the war in Asia, I feel his criticism of Mr. Carmichael somewhat irrelevant.

Patricia Miller
Louisville, Ky.

T.R.B., *from page 6*

Gene McCarthy, like Henry A. Wallace before him, finds that some of his supporters have been using him not following him. All night long Conrad Hilton residents on the Lake Front hear songs, chants, obscenities. The police commit unforgivable acts. The shocked nation sees one TV incident – a woman driver, sheltering hippies, caught between troops and the dissidents, screaming for help. That was democracy, caught between anarchy and Mayor Daley.

Kauffmann, *from page 22*

tor's wily manner suggests that he is at least the head of an international ring for abducting seven-year-old girls and making them drug-addicted child prostitutes. In fact, he turns out to be just a doctor talking to a patient, but Forbes was beginning a thriller – with a talk scene – and wanted to make it thrilling.

This is one of those modernizing pictures that attempt to give new depths to old forms: social and psychological profundity is laid on the old jewel-thief plot. It just produces gas in the plot's entrails. It is set in Spain and Majorca, and I think I caught a glimpse of Robert Graves at a costume party, wearing a turban and looking extraordinarily like my dear departed grandmother. Eric Portman, as an old suave homosexual thief, tries valiantly to give his trumpery role some substance. As his wife, Giovanna Ralli tries hard to be another Claudia Cardinale. Michael Caine completes the triangle, as the thief-hero. Caine is able.

Carson McCullers' *The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter* has been made into a pedestrian and distorted film, but it has some distinctions. Alan Arkin's performance as Singer, the mute, is good – overrated, I think, as anyone's performance of a deaf mute is likely to be, but nonetheless good. Arkin cannot quite shed comic techniques: for instance, he makes a large gesture asking someone to wait, turns away, then turns back quickly, and makes a comic, smaller version of the first gesture. But he creates, in complete silence, the effect of a whirring mind and quick feelings.

In the smaller role of a drifter, Stacy Keach Jr., who has since dropped the Jr., is outstanding – dynamic and vivid. Keach has subsequently proved in *Macbird* and other roles that he is an extraordinary talent. (I missed his Falstaff in this year's New York Shakespeare Festival but reliable reports say it was fine.) Here he has one scene in which he drunkenly batters himself against a wall in self-punishment. That brief scene is in fact more difficult to bring off than all of Arkin's role, and Keach succeeds completely. With fingers crossed, we can await a brilliant future.

One other distinction: *Hunter* may hold the world's record for the length of time a film runs before we see the title and credits.

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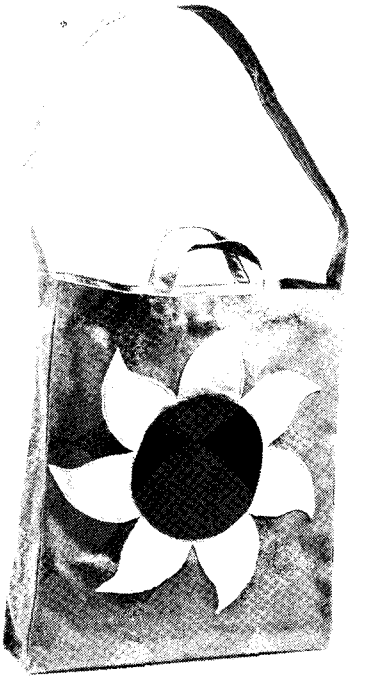

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